

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1866.

REV. MICHAEL MARLAY, D. D.

BY REV. JOHN F. WRIGHT.

IN America, as well as in England, the remarkable religious movement of the eighteenth century called Methodism, began among the poor. The annals of the Church in this country, like those of the transatlantic body, furnish many striking examples of a divine call to the ministry. In no other way can we account for the gifts, graces, and usefulness of the early Methodist preachers. "There were giants in those days"—men of great natural powers of mind, cultivated and developed by the genius of self-help. They were called from the field and the shop, in a day when literary and theological schools were almost unknown among us, and yet by their own unconquerable energies very many of them became profound scholars and powerful preachers. As this class of men is passing away, and will soon be remembered only by the results of their great mission, it seems eminently proper that some record be made of their history—of their mental and moral achievements, in the mighty battle of life, before the scattered and fragmentary materials for such a memorial be lost forever.

Michael Marlay was born in Berkley county, Virginia, June 21, 1797. His father, John Marlay, a native of Ireland, was a fine scholar, and himself superintended the education of the older children of the family. When Michael was three years old his father was drowned, and the whole family was left to the care of the widowed mother. The educational advantages of the younger children, in consequence of this calamity, were very meager. The oldest son, who was thoroughly trained in the common branches of an English education, devoted himself to the culture of his brothers and sisters; but it was impossible for him, engrossed as he

was with other duties, to impart any thorough or systematic education to them.

When about twelve years old the subject of this sketch was converted, and for a time lived in the enjoyment of religion. But having been brought up in the faith and usages of the Roman Catholic Church, his surroundings were not favorable to a life of piety, and he soon lost the comforting assurance of pardon, and remained in this unhappy condition for many years. In 1818 he left his native State with the tide of westward emigration, and settled in Ohio near the present city of Dayton. In 1819 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Clymer. Two years later, in company with his wife, he attended a camp meeting in his vicinity, at which he was reclaimed and she was converted. The sermon which was so blessed to both was preached by Rev. John P. Finley, at 11 o'clock on Sabbath. Such was the wonderful effect produced by this discourse, that it was found impracticable or unnecessary to have any additional sermon while the meeting lasted. Soon after this memorable camp meeting they united with the Methodist Episcopal Church on Union circuit, Ohio Conference, Rev. John Strange, a brother greatly beloved, in charge. Mr. Marlay was almost immediately impressed that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance; and the Church recognizing his gifts as well as his graces, called him very soon to the work of a class-leader, afterward to that of an exhorter, and finally licensed him as a local preacher. In the mean time he became a close and diligent student in theology. The few books then accessible to a poor Methodist preacher, would make a very meager show compared with the great libraries of the present day. Fortunately, however, they were the pure gold—containing the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel system. The early Methodist preachers were expected to master the works of Wesley,

Fletcher, and Watson, and as far as opportunities were then afforded, to be well-skilled in those of Benson and Clarke, and the Church has produced no better writers since.

In the Autumn of 1831 Mr. Marlay was recommended by the quarterly conference of Union circuit as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection. This circuit was at that time one of the oldest and largest, numerically, in the State. It included Dayton, Xenia, and several other important towns and populous neighborhoods. The quarterly conference of such a circuit was very large, and embraced many men of marked ability; and with due deference to the progress of the age, it may be said that the unanimous approval of such a body of men seldom accompanies a recommendation to the Conference at the present day. When Mr. Marlay's recommendation was read to the Conference, his presiding elder, the writer, added a favorable representation of his character, studious habits, gifts, grace, and usefulness, giving it as his opinion that if permitted to live and labor long he would be eminently successful. Rev. J. B. Finley, who was well acquainted with him, rose and said, "Mr. President,—He is altogether suitable for a place in the itinerant ranks; he will work well in the lead, on the off side, or under the saddle."

He was cordially received on trial and appointed to Darby circuit, a field of labor embracing a very large territory in a flat, marshy region, exceedingly difficult to travel. There were nearly thirty preaching-places to be visited monthly, making an appointment for almost every day in the year. All itinerants in those days had about as much work as they could perform. The presiding elder's district that year extended from Mason on the south to the Maumee of the Lake on the north, and from the Indiana line on the west, to the Scioto opposite Columbus on the east.

Mr. Marlay labored acceptably and successfully on this circuit two years, and was then, in 1833, appointed to Urbana circuit. Here, for two years in connection with Rev. George W. Walker, his colleague and warm personal friend, he witnessed much prosperity as the result of their efforts—"the Word of God grew and multiplied." His next appointment was to Springfield circuit. At the close of his term of two years on this circuit, he was appointed to Union circuit. During the session of the Annual Conference, which was held that year at Xenia, he was appointed, with Rev. J. G. Bruce, to fill the pulpit in Dayton on the Sabbath. On their way to Dayton in a buggy the horse took fright and ran into the woods. Seeing that the

buggy was about to upset, Mr. Marlay sprang out and fractured his leg badly—a disaster from which he did not entirely recover till the following Spring. This season of confinement, however, was by no means lost; for he so improved it in reading and study as to reënter upon his work with greatly-increased mental and spiritual strength.

After two pleasant years on this circuit among his old friends, who had first licensed him to preach, he was appointed in 1839 presiding elder of Chillicothe district, where he remained four years. These were years of wonderful prosperity to the Church within that district, and indeed throughout the whole country. Every quarterly meeting of that quadrennial period, at every charge, was attended with a gracious revival, and more than eight thousand persons were received into the Church. The Chillicothe district, at that time, was an immense field of labor, and could only be traveled on horseback. These were days of toil and self-denial to the ministry, but of glorious triumph to the Church.

In 1843 he was appointed to the Cincinnati district, in which position he was continued four years, a period including the secession of the Southern section of the Church. This event, the first great blow struck at the Union by slavery, very naturally produced considerable irritation and strife along the border. It was a time demanding, on the part of the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church, great prudence, sound judgment, and firmness. Under the wise administration of Mr. Marlay as presiding elder, the Church in Cincinnati, and other portions of the disturbed border within his charge, passed safely through this crisis and gained strength by the conflict, which could not, in all cases, be declined. He witnessed the growth of the Church in that city, during his term of service, from four to eight congregations.

His next appointment was to Urbana station two years; then to Piqua station two years. At the latter place particularly his labors were blessed during the second year with a glorious revival, in which more than a hundred souls were born into the kingdom. At the Conference of 1851 he was appointed to Urbana district, and elected a delegate to the General Conference, to be held the next May in Boston. At this General Conference he was appointed one of the Commissioners to attend to the then pending Church suit in relation to the property of the Western Book Concern. His associates in the Commission were Dr. (now Bishop) E. Thomson, L. Swormstedt, A. Poe, and the writer

of this sketch. This was an appointment involving considerable labor, much care and responsibility. At the trial of the case before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Ohio, the decision was in favor of the defendants. But afterward, upon an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, the Church South was successful. There were some details, however, not settled by the decree of the Court, and the Commissioners of both parties to the suit by agreement met at Cincinnati, February 12, 1855. At this joint meeting, the deliberations of which continued three days, all particulars were adjusted, and we reached a final settlement, with the signatures of all the Commissioners representing both parties appended, and dated February 15, 1855.

In the Autumn of 1855 Mr. Marlay was appointed presiding elder of Dayton district, on which he was continued four years. In 1859 he was elected by the Conference one of their delegates to the General Conference of 1860, held at Buffalo. Here he served on two very important committees, on the Episcopacy and on Slavery. As a member of the latter he advocated a change in one of the General Rules, so as to prohibit "slaveholding" as well as the buying and selling slaves. To alter this "General Rule" required a vote of two-thirds of the General Conference, and then three-fourths of all the members of the several Annual Conferences. Although failing of success in 1860, more than the requisite vote was obtained in the General Conference of 1864, and in the Annual Conferences we may say the vote in favor of the change was almost unanimous. So that before the surrender of the rebellion our General Rules absolutely forbid "slaveholding; buying or selling slaves."

At the session of Conference of 1859, having served eight consecutive years in the office of presiding elder, he expected to be released from that kind of work, but by resolution the Conference requested the Bishop to continue him in the office on account of his long experience and success in the administration of the government and Discipline of the Church. He was accordingly appointed to the West Cincinnati district, where he served three years. At the end of the third year, his health having so far failed as to require a less laborious field, he was appointed to the Dayton City Mission. In 1863, his health having much improved, he was appointed as presiding elder of the Springfield district, a position which he now holds.

In 1860 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Indiana State University, an

honorary title as unexpected as it was unsolicited by him, and yet it must be conceded it was an honor most worthily bestowed.

Dr. Marlay is, in the best sense of that much-abused phrase, a self-made man. From the day he yielded to the conviction that it was his duty to enter the ministry till the present, he has been a diligent student. In the beginning of his itinerant career, like many of his brethren, he pursued his studies on horseback, and sometimes by the evening fire-light of the humble dwellings, in which the early preachers found homes and were thankful. Entering the itinerancy at the period he did, with a large family to be supported on a very small income; having to apply himself to reading and study under very embarrassing and difficult circumstances—with pulpit and pastoral labors to perform almost every day in the year, it is truly surprising that he has accomplished so much in the way of self-culture.

Perhaps his excellent wife deserves much credit in this regard. It is believed that in various ways she kindly facilitated his studies, often relieving him from numerous small cares that might have otherwise interrupted and impeded his progress in the acquisition of knowledge. At this present writing he has a family of nine children, all alive and members of the Church, and one a minister. Whatever help he may have received from his good wife when at home, we must say that his good success under so many adverse circumstances shows clearly "there is no royal road to eminence." The man who is willing to pay the price for greatness, that is, *hard labor*, may have it. The result of nearly forty years of almost incessant study has been to enable Dr. Marlay to rank among the best and soundest theologians in the Church.

As an administrator of Discipline he has few equals. Heartily approving of the whole polity of the Church, nothing turns him from what he believes to be the path of duty. He rigidly adheres to the law, and is careful to obey the injunction of Discipline, "And do not mend our rules but keep them; not for wrath, but conscience' sake." During the exciting and turbulent discussions which disturbed parts of his district, occasioned by the great secession of 1845, he held the reins of government in a firm and prudent hand—enforcing the Discipline with promptness and wisdom.

At the session of the Cincinnati Conference in 1864, the expected President, Bishop Simpson, owing to some detention in the line of travel, had not arrived at the hour of opening. The Conference elected Dr. Marlay, without a

dissenting vote, President *pro tempore*, which office he filled, both in the Conference and in the stationing council, during the brief detention of the Bishop. His long experience and practical training in the office of presiding elder has served to develop in him an executive ability of a high order.

It may not be inappropriate here to notice the fact, that he has been, eminently, a man of one work. Like most of the early preachers, he entered the ministry from a stern conviction of duty, and nothing has been permitted to turn him aside for a single day from his high and holy calling. There is something heroic and worthy of commendation and imitation in the cheerful alacrity with which these pioneer preachers obeyed the call of the Church, and the unswerving fidelity with which they have performed the arduous duties assigned them. The writer once heard Bishop Waugh make a happy attempt to describe this interesting theme. Just before announcing the appointments of nearly two hundred ministers to their several fields of labor for one year, referring to the scene then about to transpire in the presence of a large audience and witnessing angels, he declared it "a moral sublimity unsurpassed." This conscientious devotion to their work under the awful apprehension that "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," may serve to account for the remarkable success of the early ministers of our Church.

As a preacher Dr. Marlay is thoroughly Wesleyan in doctrine, and didactic and argumentative in style. He has a logical mind. One remarked of him, "He thinks in syllogisms." However this may be, we can affirm, without doubt, that in speaking he often uses the art of reasoning and "fills his mouth with arguments." His sermons usually abound with arguments, and generally such as are very clear, consistent, and potent; the conclusions are legitimately reached and well sustained. He almost utterly discards every kind of theological embellishment in his sermons, directing his appeals to the thought rather than the feeling of his hearers. There are few ministers among us who are more skilled in doctrinal discourse, or who are better prepared to "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." His manner is rather conversational than declamatory; but there are times when, becoming warm and animated with his theme, his exhortations are powerful and eloquent. It is a very noteworthy fact, that as a preacher he has a growing reputation, though bordering on "three score years and ten." We have a recent report from his present field of labor, that dur-

ing his existing term in the eldership his preaching has been more acceptable and effective than at any former period. This no doubt results from those habits of unremitting study to which we have had occasion to refer. He who would handle the Word of life as a workman approved, must keep his mind active by close and diligent study, even down to old age.

Dr. Marlay is a man rather below the medium height, but of a robust frame, compactly built—symmetrical, solid, muscular, nervous, and surmounted with a noble head. His physical structure admirably fitted him for the toilsome life of an itinerant preacher. The fine portrait on steel which accompanies and illustrates this sketch, will furnish to those who never saw him a pretty accurate impression of his personal appearance. His ample brow and well-formed head will show him to be a marked man. Phrenologists and physiognomists would say his developments are strongly indicative of thought, emotion, and decision; his fine blue eye, however, is the leading index to his character. Through that "window of the soul" may be seen unmistakable beamings of intelligence, self-possession, and fixedness of principle and purpose. When excited by pleasant emotions within, there is an amiable blandness depicted in his countenance, forming a kind of radiance over his face.

It may be said of Dr. Marlay "he ruleth his spirit," and, according to the inspired proverb, is better "than he that taketh a city," and in this achievement he has acquired one of the most important qualifications to govern. Out of this self-conquest arises his suavity of manner, gentleness and sweetness of spirit, mingled with firmness and even, if need be, with inflexibility. This spirit has been of signal advantage to him in the discharge of the delicate and difficult duties of a presiding elder. And perhaps this is one reason why he appears so prominent among his brethren of that class in his own Conference, and is generally supposed to excel as a sermonizer, administrator, Conference debater, and as a member of the Bishop's council.

Dr. Marlay is a vigorous, close thinker, and holds a high rank among the great minds of his day. He is eminently a man of quick perception, sound judgment, and retentive memory. He is accustomed to submit every subject to a rigid analysis, and having presented the elements of his theme with a master-hand, and with all the force of logic, with which he is very familiar, he reaches his conclusions with almost resistless power, accompanied with a tide of emotion which proves the heart-felt

earnestness with which he pleads the cause of his divine Master.

His self-reliance is remarkable in all his relations and efforts. He always maintains his individuality, and manifests entire confidence in his own conclusions, ever exhibiting "the king-becoming graces, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude." Integrity and uprightness have indeed preserved him, and every-where he produces the impression that he is an honest man, deeply impressed himself with his momentous mission, and mainly careful that his hearers become "reconciled to God." With holiness his motto and usefulness his aim, he has reached a good old age, full of years and full of honors.

GOING HOME IN SPRING-TIME.

BY ANNIE E. HERBERT.

WEARY and faint, I lie
And listen to the rush of vernal streams,
And bird-notes that go singing through my dreams,
And I know the spring-tide flushes in with radiant,
sunny gleams.

A breath of fragrance rare
Comes from the sod through the awakening hours,
Where through the rain unfold the May-day flowers,
As our souls arise to purer life beat down by Sorrow's
showers.

And very beautiful
Are the green meadows strewn with blossoms gay,
And the broad sunshine lying far away,
And floating isles of cloud above, how beautiful are
they!

The violets that peep
Beside the rock, where oft my feet have prest,
Will miss me not, when o'er a pulseless breast
New violets may bloom perchance above my lowly rest.

And they who love me well,
Awhile my memory in tears will keep,
Then they too will forget, and cease to weep
For the shadow on life's morning when from pain I fell
asleep.

But not all comfortless
I leave this springly bloom and love's dear charms,
For round me are the Everlasting Arms,
And my head is sheltered by his breast, who shields
from all alarms.

Weary and faint I lie,
While the night-watches slowly come and go,
And when the shade is deepest, then I know
That angels fan with holy wings my wasted cheek of
snow.

They bring me raptured dreams
Of the city where they never need the sun,
For the light ineffable that ever shines from One
Who, in the depths of mortal woe, our full redemption
won.

With smiling countenance
He bids me bring my life's few, unfilled sheaves,
And for their death my soul no longer grieves,
For he calleth glorious fruitage forth from all the bar-
ren leaves.

I go from these bright hours
To Spring eternal, flushing heaven's high dome;
Then think when near my silent rest you roam,
With Christ it must be beautiful in Spring-time to go
home.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift of grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

His dew drops mutely on the hill—
His cloud above it saileth still—
Though on its slope men toil and weep;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends! when shall it be,
That this low breath is gone from me—
When round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

II.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break their happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voice!
O delfed gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth his beloved sleep!

Yea! men may wonder while they scan—
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep!
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

AUNT MARY.

BY A PASTOR.

MARY! what a charm there is in that name! Burns, Byron, and the sweet-spirited Cowper owe to it their noblest inspiration, and have embalmed it in undying verse. True, it has not ever been worn by the noble and the good; and yet I doubt not that we are more lenient to the fair, but frail rival of England's virgin queen, simply because her name was Mary.

I love it because it was my mother's name; and though she has, for many years, been a dweller in the better land, it seems to me that her name is Mary still. The youngest of our household, whose voice is its music, and whose smile is its light, wears the same name; and so I have a Mary on earth, and a Mary in heaven.

But holier memories cluster round the name; it brings before me the loving sister of Lazarus, who sat at the feet of Jesus. The sad group of women who stood near the cross, in the saddest hour of all time, all wore this name, one of them, then as superior in her exceeding sorrow, as once she was in her exceeding love when she folded to her breast the infant whose birth the angels heralded, but whose anguish, as he now hung expiring, pierced her soul with grief unutterable.

The Marys of history and of sacred story have called forth the most eloquent prose and the sweetest verse, the finest touches of the pencil and the fairest specimens of the sculptor's art. It is not my purpose to attempt to add another tribute to any of these, but to sketch from life one whose example is worthy of imitation by the Marys in all the families in our land—my theme is Aunt Mary. She is not *my* aunt, and indeed not at all related, but in common with all who know her, I have fallen into the habit of speaking of her as if she were; for, in truth, she stands higher in my esteem than many who have a blood-title to that name. She is a sister of charity; not one of that sisterhood who go about dressed like sad mourners, and on whose faces I have never seen a smile; her robe is not of black serge; she does not wear sackcloth nor sit in ashes; I have even seen her wearing colors that some would call gay, and sometimes flowers in her bonnet; at her girdle she bears neither cross nor rosary; but if she bears not true love for her Savior in her heart, I know not why she, like him, goes about doing good. Aunt Mary is no prim maiden lady, who, in consequence of hopes early blighted, has chosen to go through

the world companionless, and, having no family of her own, makes herself a blessing to the families of others; on the contrary, she married early, and is still happy with the husband of her youth; she has a large family, and more than one grandchild prattles round her knees. To look in her face you would not think her over forty; if she were walking before you on the street, from the ease and rapidity of her movements you would think her much younger; she has a carriage ever at her call, yet few of her age and position in society walk as much as she; to tell the truth she is often found in lanes and alleys where poverty and disease are not strangers, but where carriages are seldom seen. Though wealthy, she can scarcely be called fashionable, not from any lack of means, but on account of certain old-fashioned notions. Being a professor of religion, she does not think the ball-room a proper place of resort, or that Christians can have a box at the opera or theater, and have at the same time a proper respect for their profession or regard for their influence. Her carriage is not seen on the fashionable drive on Sunday afternoon; a funeral, a pressing need on the part of some distressed one, sickness or sorrow calling for aid and sympathy, alone call her from her religious duties on that sacred day; nay, she even thinks such acts are a part of her religion. She dresses well, not gaudily, but becomingly; her garments do not excite the envy of some and shame others by too striking a contrast; the poor members of the Church are not ashamed when they sit near Aunt Mary, nor is she ashamed of them—she is lowly in heart.

She is rigidly punctual in her attendance on public worship; not only when some preacher of rare ability is to occupy the pulpit, but on all occasions; and her pastor would think it almost as strange for one of the pews to be absent as Aunt Mary. The prayer meeting, too, would never dwindle down to a mere handful if all were of her spirit. Should company come in, as is often the case on that evening, it is no reason why she should remain at home; she excuses herself to her visitors, it is prayer meeting night and she must go; and, I doubt not that others would loiter were it not for the uneasy thought, I can go surely if Aunt Mary can.

She has thus an influence far greater than mere words can exert. It is easy to say in times of unusual interest, "you ought to go, you will enjoy yourself so much if you do;" but it is far better, like her, to set the example of going at all times; she has no convenient headache to plead, no unusual occupation dur-

ing the day, no important letter that must be written, no rare concert that must be heard, no rare sight that must be seen, none of these things are permitted to come between her and her duty. Aunt Mary is no bigot; of course she is ardently attached to her own Church, but she heartily engages in any good work which calls forth the labor and liberality of other communions. It is not necessary that a city missionary be a minister of her Church to insure her aid, provided the work be a good one; it matters little by whom it was begun, or what denomination gets the credit, she lends the helping hand. Asylums for widows, the unfortunate, the erring, find in her a generous active patroness; she gives not money alone; she gives her sympathy, her advice, her prayers, her tears, striving while she gives what is needful for the body to benefit the soul. She does much to reclaim the sinful, unfortunate, and degraded of her own sex, and has the satisfaction of knowing that many have been rescued from a life the most wretched, from a fate the most fearful. Remembering that they have souls to save, she is not ashamed to meet with these poor outcasts, and endeavor to lure them back to virtue. She even thinks it proper to strive to lead such repentant ones to Christ; she has wept with them as they wept over their sins, and has rejoiced with them in their new-found joy of pardon. She is not alarmed lest some persons should get into the Church who are not *respectable*, who, in fact, had been great sinners; she remembers how Christ treated a woman who was a *sinner*, and believes that it was *sinners* that Jesus died to save. Hence, if any such desire to join her Church, she does all in her power to encourage them in their endeavors after a better life; if they should prefer another Church, her care for them does not cease, she remembers that their souls are precious, and watches over them with a sister's care; many jewels once defiled in the dust shall shine brightly in Aunt Mary's crown of rejoicing.

The war opened up a new and wide field for her active sympathy; entire families of refugees, after days and weeks of peril and exposure, found their first safe and quiet resting-place under her roof. Exchanging as they did a Wintery sky and the protection of a wagon-sheet, for warm cheerful rooms, warmer hearts and cheerful faces, made an impression on their hearts that will never be erased; the children, too, of those strangers will never forget the kind welcome which gladdened their hearts after so much sorrow and trial; and though far from her now, when they ask blessings on those

dear to them, they fail not to ask God to bless Aunt Mary.

Her manner of conferring a favor is not a grand and stately one, making the objects of it feel their dependence to such a degree that the weight of it becomes oppressive; on the contrary, her kindnesses are performed so kindly that she seems to be receiving, rather than doing a favor.

At Aunt Mary's I have seen a lady treated as an honored guest; taken round to see places of interest, her taste consulted in regard to materials for dress for herself, the best room in the house at her service, and all this in such a way as to make her feel perfectly at ease; and yet she was an entire stranger, suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty; but she was a lady, and was treated as if her vanished wealth were still hers. No out-of-the-way room, no seat at the second table, no embarrassment when visitors called, nothing, in fact, to remind her of her changed condition; at table her seat was next to Aunt Mary's, her every want anticipated; had she still been mistress of her former wealth and position she could have desired; and would have received, no better treatment.

Another instance I well remember. Poor Lottie, an outcast, a Magdalen, was rescued from a life of shame; she was still quite young, but her health was broken, yet she lived long enough to give the best evidence that she was changed in heart as well as life. Aunt Mary had given her a helping hand, and after the dark night of sin and sorrow there came a bright morning of light and peace; but her end was near, yet death had lost its terror, and the peace of God which passeth understanding filled her soul. Her brother, whom she had not seen since her days of girlhood and innocency, and who had been absent in the army some three years, returned soon enough to hear from her own lips the sad story of her fall and rescue, and he could not but forgive and weep with her. The end came, and poor Lottie died in great peace; very few mourners followed her to her last resting-place; her brother, tender and forgiving, a few who had known her in her sinless days, one or two once as simple but now repentant, and the minister who performed the last sad offices, were there, and there, too, was Aunt Mary, who, in life, had helped her on in the path of virtue, ready to pay the last sad tribute to her memory.

God bless you, Aunt Mary, such deeds are unnoted of men, but the great and merciful Father of all, whose mercy we all need, is not forgetful of such deeds as this. I have seen

her, too, at the bedside of the dying saint with tearful eyes, and lips overflowing with the sweetest consolation; every-where a comfort, every-where a blessing; in a word, I believe for her every day had its good deed. She is not, however, all tenderness and tears; impostors often quail before her searching, honest eyes and direct questioning. She knows the shortest way to detect feigned sorrow or distress, and many who were secretly rejoicing at the success of their well-told tale, and expecting the well-filled purse to be drawn forth for the relief of their fictitious sufferings, have been overwhelmed by Aunt Mary's quiet, "Well, I will get my bonnet and go with you, and see for myself if these things are so."

Her charities are not all in money, given to get rid of importunity rather than from real sympathy with suffering. Once in the abode of poverty and distress, her quick eye discovers the most pressing necessity, and the well-filled basket which soon follows the visit, shows how perfectly she is mistress of the situation. Good advice goes with her gifts, work is procured when there is ability to labor, and the kind word that goes with the gift is prized more than the gift itself. I am writing no fulsome panegyric, and my wife, who knows her even better than myself, after hearing what I have written, says, "Yes, that is Aunt Mary."

Of course she has her failings, but I have no inclination to notice them, they are such as belong to humanity in its best estate; but her virtues, her noble Christian life, throw them far into the background, and it is her virtues alone that we desire to see imitated.

Aunt Mary is not far from fifty years of age. I trust that she may be spared to see fourscore, that she may never falter in her work of faith and labor of love. I pray that many Marys may imitate her example, and be ornaments to the Church, and blessings to the world. For myself, I trust to gain that blessed land for which she is striving; and if, after the storms of earth, I gain the calm of heaven, I feel well assured that I shall meet Aunt Mary *there*.

THE great bulk of men blindly follow any impulse which is communicated to them by minds of superior intelligence, or the force of individual interest; but really original thinkers, the lights of their own, the rulers of the next age, almost invariably exert their powers in direct opposition to the prevailing evils with which they are surrounded.—*Sir Archibald Alison.*

DOCILE AND CLAUDE.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

THE simple repast was over, and the wife Mary brought with reverential hands the Holy Scriptures from its place of security and gave it to the good pastor Claude, who opened it and read to them "of such as through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to fight the armies of the aliens;" he read of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments, destitute afflicted ones, of whom the world was not worthy. For all these suffering ones "God had provided some better thing." Albert, the father, held tenderly in his arms the elder child, Docile, a girl of five Summers, and Mary, the mother, on her low seat, rocked on her breast the babe, the young Claude, who that day had received the sacrament of baptism from their pastor. Earnestly the parents listened to the words of truth and endurance as they came from the lips of the loved and honored teacher; full of meaning were they to those who had tested the meaning, and faithful memory called faith's indelible pictures of the past. They joined in the simple hymn of strong faith, whose words had often nerved the soul, whose echo had resounded in town, hamlet, and mountain fastness:

"They through the gloomy vale
Walk firm and do not quail,
To rest with Thee—
Such death is happiness
Leading to that glad place
Where in eternal bliss
Thy sons abide."

Blessing the family and praying for Heaven's guidance upon the babe baptized, the pastor prepared to depart.

"Spring is in the air," he said as Albert stood with him by the cottage door. "There has been a breath of it for the past week," returned Albert. The pastor looked around anxiously: the cottage stood on the brow of a rugged rock which jutted from the side of a hill, behind which towered the lofty, heaven-defying mountain, crowned with its crest of dazzling snow. "Have you never fear of a falling avalanche, Albert?" "We have thought this a safe spot: ten years have passed by leaving us unharmed; thirty before that has the owner of this cottage been secure." "True, it is founded upon a rock," rejoined the pastor. "Peace be with you

all," and soon he was lost to sight in the windings of the valley road.

The evening was mild and peaceful, a gauzy veil of mist obscured the mountain's brow, and while the pastor pursued his way the balmy softness of the air breathed indeed of Spring-time, but an indescribable sadness, a vague uneasiness filled his heart, and often he paused and gazed at the dark mountain guardian of that hamlet. That night when all were wrapt in sleep, the pastor Claude, disturbed by a faint, rumbling sound, sprang from his bed and peered into the darkness without, but no sight nor sound met his listening ear and strained vision. The morning sun rose clear and bright, the mountain top flushed roseate at its coming, and stood crowned with the glory of the risen day. A sound of mingled, excited voices roused the pastor at an early hour, and above the confusion he distinguished distinctly the fearful word "avalanche," and learned that during the night an avalanche had fallen upon the cottage on the rock, burying Albert and his family in the ruins. Far and near the tidings flew, and friends and strangers hurried to the scene of the disaster.

The heavy slide of ice and snow had, in falling, glanced aside and buried but part of the cottage, which for fifty years had been deemed a place of perfect safety. Manfully and earnestly all set to work toiling with spade and pick among the debris, breathlessly listening, hoping a cry of distress might reach them, indicating that life still existed. The feeble wail of an infant's voice was at length heard; with redoubled will and energy their exertions were increased, and the babe and sister were found alive and unharmed, while the parents, crushed by the accident, slept the sleep that knows no waking.

"These children have been miraculously preserved as legacies for us to cherish," said the pastor Claude with tearful eyes. "Let us pray that the God of the fatherless will be an ever-present help in their journey through life."

Arrangements were speedily made among kind-hearted friends and neighbors for the support and future home for the orphans thrown upon the charity of the world. A Christian widow, who was childless, took the infant Claude and cherished him in her simple home as her own son, while Docile found her home where pious instruction and kind treatment endeavored to atone for her early loss. A short time closed the gap opened in the hearts of the mountain hamlet by the fearful event of that night, and obliterated all traces of the cottage where domestic happiness had reigned and smiled.

Five years rolled by—years fraught with fearful consequences to the Protestant cause. The pure faith of God's children in the mountain hamlet remained unshaken and but little disturbed, when the outer world trembled with the shock of religious controversy and persecution; occasionally a hunted servant of his Master sought the hamlet for a momentary lull and escape from the pursuit and persecution of the blood-hounds who would have branded, if possible, the Romish faith with red-hot iron upon the hearts of the devoted Protestant. The tales of murder and slaughter were revolting, but as persecution increased their faith, like the light of phosphorus, shone brighter in the dark.

One morning two strangers appeared inquiring for the orphans Docile and Claude. "I am the uncle of these children," said one of the two, a tall, dark man, to the distressed widow, whose heart had become bound up in that of her adopted son. "Their mother was my sister. She disgraced her family by embracing the vile heretic doctrines. Her family would have taught her better things, but she escaped from home, and we, after some years, lost all trace of her place of abode. Recently I discovered that two of her children were still living, and hastened here, hoping the seeds of heresy, which doubtless have been sown in their young hearts, may, by proper care, be speedily eradicated."

Unmistakable proofs of the relationship were produced. Great sadness fell over the little community, for the orphans were considered as belonging to all; all were interested in their welfare, but many a heart kindly disposed toward the children, would have surrendered them more willingly to the embrace of death than to the embrace of that Church, whose jaws, ever extended, now opened to seize the children whose parents had suffered for the maintenance of their faith. Prayers, tears, and entreaties of friends, and of the children, were vain as the idle surf beating on the rock-bound coast.

With difficulty the pastor Claude secured a short interview with Docile. He told her of her mother's faith, of her sad death, and besought her by the tears, prayers, and example of that mother's life to cling to that faith while life lasted. "Father Claude," said the maiden, who was thoughtful far beyond her years, "you will never have cause to be ashamed of your daughter." "Remember Peter; be not too confident, my child; from Heaven your strength and trust must come." "Ah," replied the maiden through her tears, "but Peter's mother had never suffered for her blessed Master."

Little time was allowed for parting tears and

farewells. The stern, dark uncle bore away the children from the hamlet, leaving the pastor Claude and his flock as a fold whose pet lambs have been stolen. Far away from their simple home to a crowded city the orphans were taken and placed under the surveillance of Romish friends and teachers. Secretly but steadfastly Docile clung to the recollections of her childhood's days. No time, no scene of gayety allured her from the old affection for those simple, happy scenes. No Romish mass, with its outward fascinating ceremony, always presented to her in its most attractive manner, ever gave the satisfaction and pleasure which the worship of her parents' faith had given, and which, though outwardly concealed, still burned clear and bright in her soul.

Claude, younger and more easily influenced, with no deeper feeling than idle, childish curiosity, was amused by these fascinating allurements. He wondered at Docile's constantly asking if he remembered the pastor Claude and his old friends; for jealous and fearful that new scenes and faces should efface the old from his memory, Docile never failed of embracing opportunities of reviving old recollections, and strove earnestly in every way to retain the impressions of the past.

Five years passed by. One grand day the uncle proposed taking Docile and Claude to witness a brilliant show. They accompanied him, and from their stand-point viewed the splendid pageant as it slowly passed. Soldiers in their gay habiliments, high dignitaries of the Church blazing with rank and wealth, crosses, banners flaunted by. Claude was almost wild with delight, and Docile gazed upon the show with pleased attention.

"And who are these sad, ragged men?" asked Claude, as the passing procession brought into view a band of men who formed a strange contrast with the gay spectacle; their torn clothes showed marks of violent hands. Manacled together as galley slaves they were driven on; loud hoots and shouts from the crowd greeted their appearance, and it was evident that these few exhausted, ill-treated men were considered the best part of the show. "And what are these men, uncle?" asked Claude in wonder.

Fear blanched the sweet face of the maiden Docile. Well she knew the fate of the miserable-looking creatures before her, and her heart reproached her bitterly for having seen with pleasure any part of the show whose object was the humiliation and suffering of a band of Protestants.

But a greater shock was before her; for as the prisoners passed she saw a well-known form,

whose recognition froze the life-blood in her young heart. With garments torn, his white head uncovered and exposed to the rude peltings of the cruel mob, walked with steadfast step and uplifted eyes, the pastor Claude. A loud scream from Docile arrested his attention. He looked up at the young girl, who, with clasped hands and a face wrung with agony and horror, bent down toward the crowd below. A smile crossed his face as he raised his eyes to heaven and moved his lips in prayer. Docile was rudely drawn back by her uncle and bid to "keep quiet." "But, uncle, who is that poor man, and why are they so sad?" inquired Claude with trembling lip. "They will perish in the flames to-morrow," replied the uncle, "and such screams as Docile has given to-day may send you both with him."

The boy made no reply, but the events of that hour influenced his whole after-life. With the deep devotion and strength of a noble, self-sacrificing woman, from the hour Docile saw her beloved pastor dragged through the rough streets, exposed to the mercy of a pitiless mob, there entered her heart the firm purpose of emulating his example; and dead to all surrounding circumstances, she longed only for the avowal of the faith and the fate of the despised Protestant.

In the course of time Claude was removed to a distance and placed in a monastery. Tidings from him occasionally reached Docile, but she could glean little comfort from these faint reports, and as the years rolled by they became less frequent, and Docile's only refuge was in the God of heaven, to whom she addressed unceasing petitions for the salvation of her brother from dangerous errors.

It was a gala day of the Church when Docile followed the crowd to hear the preaching of a stranger priest, who was exciting much interest and attention. Men clustered around the doors of the great cathedral, and their darkened brows and excited voices betokened a rising storm. Docile entered the opened doors and kneeled, with many others, upon the stone pavement. Her faith seemed crushed by an unutterable weight, and thoughts of her absent brother burdened her heart with unutterable sadness; for of all the world he alone was an object of real affection, and she constantly feared that in faith they were sundered farther than by distance.

Alone and unobserved she kneeled in her dark corner till the sound of the preacher's voice met her ear. There came to her the memory of her childhood's days—recollection of a village hamlet overshadowed by a dark mount-

ain shadow, and a mother's lullaby, which came back to her as a long-forgotten melody, touched the heart. Docile gazed long and wistfully at the speaker—a young monk, tall, thin, and gaunt, whose pale cheek and sunken eye told of long nights spent in weary vigils. He poured forth words that came welling from a heart burning to fight and die manfully for truth and right. A sister's eye and heart, which had always throbbed with love for the absent, told her that in the changed speaker her brother stood before her. The prayers of years, the anxious moments and tears caused by uncertain separation, were all repaid in that moment of sad triumph; for the words of the speaker told too truly he had entered upon a path which terminated in shameful denial or sacrificial victory.

The words of truth and denunciation of error fell from eloquent lips; the hearers were strangely moved; disapproval deepened with rage upon many a face till the storm burst and the cry of, "Drag out the heretic," rang through the cathedral. Ready hearts and hands were not wanting to obey the cry, and the few friends, Peter-like, slunk away where resistance would have been vain. The young monk was torn from the altar and dragged through the cathedral aisles. Docile, urged on by an irresistible impulse, rushed forward and was carried so near by the surging crowd her hand could touch him.

"Claude," she called wildly. He turned and bestowed upon her one fond glance of recognition. "Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," she exclaimed, and a rude blow felled her to the ground. The crowd passed, leaving her senseless on the stone pavement.

When consciousness returned there came with it the recollections of what had passed. "Father, let me too be offered up"—"unite our souls in suffering and death to glorify thy name." Thus she prayed, and stunned and dizzy wandered from the church, inquiring of all where they had taken the young monk Claude. Few gave her attention, but her resolve was made, and she found the place of his imprisonment—the prison-house of many a faithful Protestant—and inquired if Claude, the young monk, was there. "In strict confinement," was the reply. "For this day's proceedings he must suffer the penalty." "I am a heretic," cried the undaunted girl. "I am his sister; we are alone in the world; let us suffer and die together." Her avowal met the desired end, but all her entreaties to see her brother were vain. That night passed in weary vigils

to brother and sister; but both strong in faith, earnest in prayer, content to suffer, they looked forward with satisfaction to deliverance through fiery ordeals.

The mandate had gone forth, and the day of the *auto da fe* rose serene and beautiful when the glorious martyrs were to ascend to eternal rest, like Elijah of old, in chariots of fire. The crowds that gathered to witness the cruel show were steeled against sympathy or pity. Among the victims were the brother and sister—Claude and Docile—separated for years, but clinging to their mutual affection; no meeting in this world was permitted before death rescued them from torture. A glance of deep, earnest love and heroic strength alone was given; no uttered word, no other sign of recognition allowed. Firmly they met their fearful death. Docile's voice was heard as the flames crept nearer her shrinking body singing distinctly,

"They through the gloomy vale
Walk firm and do not quail,"

till the crackling wood and stifling smoke stilled the martyr's hymn, or her freed soul finished it in paradise. Claude, the heretical monk, the preserved child of sacrificing parents, met his fate as Stephen of old, calling upon "God to receive his spirit."

A few hours and a handful of dust was all that remained on earth of Docile and Claude, and that dust, spurned aside by the foot of man as a thing accursed, is still carefully guarded by an all-seeing Power till the day when dust shall be wakened into new life, and the Lord God shall take his children whither they be gone, and gather them on every side. The names and lives of Docile and Claude were erased from the records of the living, but who shall estimate the influence of their life's work, or dare say they died in vain?

KINDNESS A LIFE DUTY.

THE great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner can not find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes, people should show kindness and regard to their dependents. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared with the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life! Then the faithful servant shows himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear shows himself as an enemy.—*Frederika Bremer.*

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER IV.

A NEW BOOK.

I THINK I shall have to give you this month's home picture, done in catalogue style, after the manner in which cheap novelists serve up the gifts and graces of the marvelous little paragons they manipulate through a love drama. Allow me to take you, *sans ceremonie*, into the library at Lakeside, and seat you in a cozy corner, to listen to the evening "talk."

But, first, you must have my "catalogue" sketch of the *dramatis personæ*.

The elderly man in well-worn gray, bending so busily over his harness mending, is Mr. Morland. Brown, rough hands, kindly eyes, wide, well-written forehead. A piece of rag carpet, spread in one corner, serves him for a work-shop.

"Ugh!" shudders a dainty damsel, "harness-mending in the sitting-room! horrors!" Yes, my dear, head-stalls and bame-straps will rip, and farmers have to sew them again. Mrs. Morland and her daughters are of opinion that the slight inconvenience of "father's carpet and kit" in the sitting-room is more than compensated for by the rare sunniness and goodly talk of the *hausvater*. Mr. Morland gets light for his stitching through the glass-doors between the library and conservatory. Said light, after trying its rosy-tipped fingers upon oleander buds and geranium petals, and loosing the lingual muscles of a bevy of canaries, domiciled thereamong, does not feel itself above helping at the mending.

Near by are the mother and Mary, busy as usual. "With some knit or crocheted nothing, I'll warrant," interpolates my mannish reader. Yes, sir, just such nothings as women do busy themselves with to the infinite comfort of the ignorant, helpless masculines of the home circle. James is resting from his eight hours' close study, by helping Fannie "stretch" a piece of canvas.

The young gent upon the sofa is Harry, arm in a sling, hand in poultices—an unlucky tap of a base-ball club—a mere trifle. The recuperative machinery, however, being weakened by over-study, refused to repair in season, and one of those ugly little inflammations, that are always skulking round, pounced upon the finger, threatening the hand and arm, and causing a world of discomfort. "Only an excuse to get home," laughed Mary, her face as radiant as

though said excuse had been planned for her especial benefit.

And now I propose to change the tense and report the "talk." Harry had finished reading aloud a new book, "Winifred Bertram." It had been under discussion a little while, when Mrs. Morland suggested that Mary write a *critique* upon it.

"Why, mother, I'm afraid I could n't do the book justice."

"Perhaps you could n't, child, but then you might draw some people's attention to it, and they be benefited by it."

"Yes," said Mr. Morland, fixing his calm, grave eyes upon Mary's face, "if people *will* read fiction."

"And of course they *will*, father."

"I know it, Fannie. It can't be helped as I see. I think it would be better if they would be contented with a plain, true statement of the things they need to know; but if they will have their mental *cuisine* iced, and spiced, and sugared, I suppose it's a kindness to tell them where they can get the least objectionable compounds."

"How pure these 'Schönberg-Cotta Family' books seem after reading Theodore Winthrop's stories and Bayard Taylor's!"

"That they do, James, to carry out father's figure, like coming down from the highest style of French sauce, to bread and milk, and strawberries."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Morland, "it will be a rather difficult task to write upon this book. It is beautiful, but its principal charm is its smoothness of finish, its harmony with itself. Like that picture there," pointing to an exquisite little painting. "You know every one that can appreciate such things is struck by its beauty, and yet no one can speak of any part that is noticeably fine. There are no salient points to hang any particular praise or censure upon. Now, I propose that you young folks all help Mary at this, as it's her first effort of the kind."

"Good, father, just like you! Now tell them, please, which part each one must take."

After some demurring, it was decided that Fannie should write upon the outer of the thing, its style—"in her line," the father said—Harry should do the faultfinding, James should bring out the drift of the work, its main thought, and Mary should work these materials into shape, adding such hints and quotations as she thought best.

Work was laid aside, and for a half hour pens and pencils skated nimbly over paper, now dashing ahead in fine style, then suddenly

reined up, and sent back to scratch out and rewrite.

"Ready, sis?" cried Harry, flourishing his foolscap with his well hand. "I have n't written much, though. Father gave me the meanest part any way."

"Well, let's see. Read it, please."

Harry began: "This book has a pure, simple beauty of its own. People of pure, simple taste must appreciate it. But, as the masses who need the lessons it is sent forth to teach, are neither pure nor simple in taste, it may fail of much of the good it might do, if there were a touch more of the sensational in its flavoring. Quiet people a little weary of the world; old gentle people, with plenty of leisure and discrimination; far-seeing people, who will turn upon it 'grave, slow eyes,' like Dante's philosophers, and religious people, hungering for soul food, will be helped by it. But the dashing, wide-awake young American may rush through it and pronounce it stupid, because it lacks that something of the thrill, and stir, and force, that catches and holds, and makes him listen to its sermon in spite of him. It is beautiful as an Alpine flower. To a Wordsworthian soul,

'The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

But of the devotionally inclined, ten will hear God's voice in the thunder of the avalanche, and read his glory on Mt. Blanc's sunset-tinted coronet, where one will stoop to trace his tenderness in the floweret's meek, blue eye. The characters in the book are fine, but a trifle too much like ideas. If they had done a few things as we do—just because they happened to—and not with every move of the eye and turn of the hand bearing upon the *morale* of the story, I think they would have seemed more human. And at parting with them we would have felt more as though they were real friends, whose goodness would always help us. Mrs. Dee's mistakes and blunders in her energetic efforts at doing good, and Mr. Bertram falling in love with the wrong girl, seem most like the doings of this topsy-turvy world. The rest of the people do and say just the proper things for them to do and say; and if you had been called to leave them in the middle of the story, you would have felt perfectly safe about them, they were coming out all right any way. Some of these 'characters' are what Tennyson would call, 'faultily faultless.' I'm sure I never had the pleasure of meeting such proper, daintily-spoken little girls, always saying such fine, philosophic things. But then I suppose the things were to be said, or else the book had

not been written; so I don't know but it is pardonable in them to be mythically appropriate in their grammar, rhetoric, and reasoning. The authoress is evidently quite innocent of suicidal intentions, when she sets Winnie mourning over Dan's prospectively early death. "O," said Winnie, "I'm so sorry for poor little Fan!" "Why, what's the matter, my child?" "O," sobbed Winnie, "when Dan dies!" "But I have great hope Dan will live and get well, Winnie," said Maurice. "Why are you so distressed?" "It is not that he's ill," moaned Winnie, "but he's so good. All the children in the books die when they talk like that. And I'm so sorry for Fan!" A word *en passant*. In this book-making business 'the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.' If a downright sinner sets about making a bad book, he does not confine himself to sober russets, and grays, and browns. Whatever of fascination in style and coloring he has at command, he uses to make the thing as attractive as may be."

Mary winced somewhat under Harry's criticism. She was quite tempted to take up arms in defense of her favorite, but wisely concluded to set the matter right in the copying, by toning it down, and blunting what seemed to her its unnecessary sharpness.

"Ready to report, Fannie?"

"Ready, such as it is."

Fannie read: "The style of the book is pure, chaste, natural, neither stilted, stiff, nor high-flown.. Possibly a dash of the pen through about one-third of the adjectives might have lightened and strengthened it, but then a liberal peppering of descriptives is *a la mode* nowadays. The 'plot' is simple enough. Nobody seems inclined to get into a labyrinth of agony or despair, for the sole purpose of relieving the sympathetic reader, by the sudden rushing in of somebody plenipotentiary to set things right. The 'characters' are unique, well-sustained, and true to themselves"—Fannie glanced up at Harry and interpolated, "Notwithstanding their hypothetical faultlessness"—"not cut out by the old dog-eared patterns, so long in use among novelists. All the old stage machinery, plots and counterplots, elopements and escapes, daggers and dungeons, are ignored. The story is made up of a few simple lives, plainly, truthfully sketched. Common people, with common surroundings, and common experiences, well interpreted. The stronger passions, fierce jealousies, cruel envies, bitter hates, life-long loves, that weaker fictionists depend upon for dramatic effect, are not called into requisition at all. This writer seems to say, 'Perhaps you need

these devices to hold your readers, but I can rivet the attention of mine by limning for them the ordinary—eventless you may call it—life of every-day people. They may not take cities, but they “rule their own spirit,” which Solomon pronounces greater. They may not be incognito princes, but they are heirs to an enduring crown. They may not make the poor ephemerals of this little planet wonder and stare, but they shall joy with angels eternally. I do not measure men, their interests and destiny, by this world's rule, but by the golden reed in the angel's hand.’

“Other fictionists, even the pure, strong Miss Muloch, seem to think it necessary to give victorious virtue an earthly crowning. John Halifax, after his noble self-conquest and triumph over hard people and hard circumstances, must grow rich and honored. The dim-sighted masses demand this. They are forgetful of the great eternity where God crowns gloriously, faithful, patient effort. Any body else writing this book would never have settled the young curate and his bride in that prosy, old-fashioned, East End parsonage, without one hint of fine prospects, eloquent furnishings, literary and artistic surroundings, continental tours, and kindred little luxuries supposed to be as much at the disposal of novelists as of fairy godmothers. A tip of the authorial wand would have brought the young gentleman's father home from India, rich and ready to give them a splendid ‘setting out,’ or it would have drawn the attention of some good old bishop to them, whose duty it would have been to help them to a fine living in some paradisiacal locality. So strong is our authoress in the right of her course, that she utters never a sentence of apology. She takes it for granted that the words of Jesus are your law: ‘He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.’

“The tints upon her canvas are pure, tender, true; not gaudily obtrusive—in the railroad advertisement style.” Another significant glance in Harry's direction. These two had crossed words more than once, on this matter, during the reading of the book. “She paints from nature, and from the best of it. I would not insist that all should mix their paints just so, and so tone down every sharp, jagged outline. There are niches and needs for the high-toned, royally-colored pieces—the patient, persecuted pure, the deep-dyed, subtle villains; but it would be well if all wood painters studied life to as good purpose as this quaint, quiet, clear-eyed authoress does.”

“As Harry and Fan have patronized the florid to such an extent,” said James, “I sup-

pose you will be content to let me do my part in my own plain, prosy way. I shall claim that my performance has one good point—its brevity—and that, you know, according to the wiseacres, is the soul of wit.”

“Well, let's have it.”

James read from a slip of paper: “I regard the unity of Christians in the work of God as the central thought of this book. Maurice Bertram, with his wide, unselfish care for the souls of others; Mrs. Dee, with her overdone, indiscriminate ‘district visiting;’ Mrs. Anderson, with her high Scotch Calvinism; Lady Catherine, with her ‘fierceness’ upon the curates; the Trehernes, with their ardent Wesleyanism; the Misses Lovel, with their High Church notions; and Grace Leigh, with her pure, all-pervading charity, as a ‘bond of perfectness,’ make one round, finished, symmetrical thought—good people, though divided by creeds, are one in the work of God. Take, as an illustration, Caleb Treherne and Miss Lavinia Lovel.” “Please hand me the book, Fannie.” “I think this description of Treherne pretty good. He must have been a model class-leader. It says of him, ‘His leading consisted rather in drawing others out to speak and work, than in saying much himself, except, indeed, in his prayers, which came out in quick, short, detached sentences, yet were always eloquent with the true eloquence of prayer; that is, they were prayers, words spoken evidently with the conviction that God was nearer, more ready to listen, more able to understand, and infinitely more able and willing to help than man. But it was in labors of love that Caleb Treherne rose to his true spiritual stature—going after “backsliders” to public-houses, encountering violence with heroic gentleness, propping up weak resolves by timely encouragement, quenching despair by unquenchable hope. Caleb and Miss Lavinia were great allies. Many a wandering sheep they had watched and prayed over—she, on the sofa, where her weak spine obliged her to spend increasingly many hours, and he in solitary morning journeys in his market cart, and in evening haunts among low courts and alleys.

“Both Miss Lavinia and Miss Betsy would as soon have thought of recognizing an irregular army and navy as an irregular company of preachers. It was very shocking, they both thought, and a proof of the degeneracy of the times, that uneducated men who could not pronounce their *N's* should set themselves up in pulpits. But there is a good deal of the work in this wilderness of a world which can not be done by people standing in pulpits, or

on platforms, or any other high places, however loud they may call, the wandering sheep do not come back for calling, but have to be followed in quite an irregular way, into most irregular places, and brought back on the shoulders, or on the bosom, or in any other way in which they can be got to come. And for such work, Miss Lavinia thought, the services of quite uneducated people, who could not even pronounce their *h's*, ought not to be declined; the great thing being to *get it done*. Here is another side of the same idea. 'Mrs. Anderson was a firm adherent of the old covenanting theology, and thought rather little of the orthodoxy of the Independent Chapel which her husband sometimes attended, as the nearest approach to Presbyterianism within reach, on wet evenings. Many a battle she had with Mrs. Treherne for her Calvinism, but Caleb, orthodox Wesleyan that he was, felt no uneasiness about it. "For," said Caleb, "Mrs. Anderson believes that every thing good begins, and goes through, and ends with the Lord, and so did John Wesley; and as to what happened before the beginning, it's my belief, neither Mrs. Anderson, nor I, nor John Wesley himself could tell. And she believes it's a real fight we're in with the devil, not a got-up fight, arranged beforehand like a puppet-show. Mrs. Anderson's a real good woman, and has behaved like a mother to that poor, little, straying maid I found out for Miss Lavinia. And if she's got some twists, why, so have most of us, and so I expect we shall have till we get put straight in the other world." Mrs. Anderson, on her part, thought Caleb very "sound for an Englishman."'

"I think, Mary," said Mrs. Morland, "while you are quoting you had better give Grace's solution of the Calvinistic problem."

"Well, here it is, on the next page," replied Mary, turning over the leaf.

"It is very difficult," she thought, "and yet if we were to be *people* at all, and not *things* to be moved about, it does seem as if it could not be helped that we might go wrong if we would."

"It seems to me, children, you have overlooked one marked and very pleasant feature of the book—its humor. Could'n't you give some quotations bringing this out?"

"Why, father, you know it is so quaint and unpretensions, and its force depends so much upon its connection, it is difficult to quote, unless you transcribe whole pages."

"I think," said Fannie, turning the leaves, "Harry Leigh's troubles over his Latin, with Mrs. Treherne's indignant protest, and the de-

scription of the Felix Hunters, and the Misses Lovels, are pretty fair specimens."

"Though, perhaps, you have said enough," remarked Mr. Morland, "careless readers, and too large a part of our young people are of this class, lose the lesson of a book by galloping through it in a thoughtless, indiscriminate way. Your *critique* will not fail of use if it brings some such *en rapport* with the authoress, that they may comprehend her pure, beautiful teaching."

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY MERIDA A. BARCOCK.

THE sun shines in my outer world,
But darkness reigns within,
A fearful gloom enshrouds my soul—
The nebula of sin.
Dear Savior, smile away this gloom,
And let the sunlight in.

Sweet bird-songs cheer my outer world,
But anguish wails within.
Ambition, pride, and gross deceit
Have bound my soul in sin;
Then, O, my Savior, break these bonds,
And let the sunlight in!

Temptations throng my way without,
Remorse broods dark within;
The chains that bind my tortured soul
Are festered o'er with sin;
Dear Savior, send thy healing balm,
And let the sunlight in.

While pleasure gayly smiles without,
What torment reigns within!
And still, poor weaking that I am,
I tread the paths of sin.
My Savior, I am lost if thou
Let not the sunlight in.

TRUST.

BY ELIZABETH E. E. PERRY.

IN the yet to be how much of joy or sorrow
Awaiteth me, God knows alone.
How kindly hath he o'er the darkest morrow
Hope's cheering mystery thrown!

While strength sufficient for the burden given
He mercifully bestows,
I will not doubt his love though ties are riven;
My need he knows.

We pray that from temptation he will keep us
So if he leads us in a darksome way,
Our poor petitions he may but answer thus,
Keeping us safe from paths that lead astray.

MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NUMBER III.

MERTOWN, JULY 12TH.

DEAREST KATE,—It is some time since Robert went away, but I must not forget to tell you about his leavetaking. He stopped on his way to the station to bid us good-by, and promised me, with his eyes on Miss Margaret, to write often. She, little hypocrite, tried with all her might to look unconcerned, and succeeded so well that I was quite provoked with her. No one would have thought her at all interested in his departure.

Till he turned to leave the house. Then, unable to keep up the deceit a moment longer, she astonished us all by bursting into tears and running away. Robert's face brightened. Her well-acted indifference had been any thing but satisfactory to him. I think he had not reached the street when I saw the blue ribbons of her new hat fluttering over the top of the hill back of our house. There was a little grove through which he must pass in his way to the depot, and by crossing the field beyond the hill, she could easily intercept him.

It was full two hours before she returned, and then she came from quite another direction, with her hands full of mosses and wild flowers. I would not let her think that my old eyes could be so easily blinded.

"Well, my pet, did you meet Robert?"

Her face flushed crimson in a moment, making her prettier than usual, which, in my opinion, is quite needless.

"O, aunt! did you see me?"

"Of course I did. And I should n't wonder if some of the neighbors were looking too. What will Mrs. Lander say? I believe she does not object to a knowledge of other people's affairs, though she keeps her own under lock and key."

"I don't care a straw what she thinks. I wanted to see Robert particularly."

"There is no doubt of that, I should say."

"Aunt Lissa, do you think I have acted wrong?"

"No. You acted naturally, that is all. Robert thought it was right, I dare say."

"Yes, he was glad I came. He said, aunt, that he should go away a great deal happier because—because—"

"Ah, do not try to tell me, Maggie. It is all right, if Robert approves."

"But you must n't tell papa and the girls."

"There is nothing to tell, my dear child. None of us have been blind."

"Ah, but nothing was certain till—till this morning."

"No? And yet I could have predicted it all any time during the last five years."

"O, aunt Lissa! Five years ago I was only thirteen."

"But Robert was twenty-two. I knew he would wait for you."

"It was a long time to wait," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Aunt, was n't I a rather mischievous child? a tease, you know?"

"You were very much what you are now in those respects."

The conscious shyness of Maggie's manner was something new. "I hope I shall make him happy," she said, "but I do so like to plague him."

As she went slowly through the hall and up the stairs to her room, I thought there was little to fear from a spirit of teasing that was too affectionate to suffer any one to remain uncomfortable more than five minutes together. "They will be a happy couple," I said softly to myself, "but I must not let my brother know that I think so."

There is no need to tell you now that the 'Squire is "peculiar." His particular oddities probably seem very trivial to you, but they make up a great part of our world here. It is impossible to ignore them or get round them; one must either meet them boldly or yield to them passively.

I have mentioned his love of controversy. There is scarcely a subject on which he thinks with other people, and he adheres to his views and notions as stubbornly as a mule. With him disputation is argument, and the most trifling events and subjects are caught up and turned over, and split to pieces, and analyzed, till one is tempted to wish that events would never occur at all, or subjects of converse present themselves. As if the old adversary of peace-loving Christians had a particular spite against our household, there are in convenient neighborhood to us four other controversialists worse than the 'Squire, and scarcely a pleasant evening passes without a call from one or two of them, which lengthens into a visit as the evening progresses, and becomes a *visitation* on the approach of midnight. They come in on purpose to argue and split hairs with the 'Squire. Sometimes, but not often, we have them altogether. Maggie has named them the "Quintet Quarrelling Club."

Last Winter I tried all manner of expedients to lessen the time spent in these windy encounters. The wood fire, in which my brother delights, was suffered to die out upon the hearth;

I put somber green shades over the lamp and made the room look like a tolerably-cheerful sepulcher, and suffered all sorts of personal discomfort in the vain hope of making the visitors uncomfortable. They seemed to enjoy being dismal, and staid later than ever. There was a dishonesty in their actions which was very trying, to say the least. They would get up and put on their hats and overcoats as if they were going directly, and then, right in the face of this implied promise to take themselves off, they would talk an extra hour with their hands upon the door-knob, or with the door itself slightly ajar, and the chill air of the long hall drawing through the crevice.

By way of a gentle reminder, I would ask if our clock agreed with the visitor's watch, or at what hour the moon rose, or when it would be full tide, and sometimes inquire with real interest if the wives of these gentlemen sat up till their return. It was all of no use; it made not the slightest difference, the discussion would go on and on, the voices wax louder and higher, and, by midnight, a stranger passing by would suppose that a full-sized theological abscess had come to a head and burst. For it was always upon devotional and doctrinal points that the debates were hottest.

The girls invariably gathered up their work and left the room as soon as they could do so unobserved. You will ask why I did not follow their example. I did so when I first came to live here, and twice the house was set on fire through my brother's carelessness. I am afraid of fire. It terrifies me to think of being burnt out at night, and at home, where every body was so careful, I was always smelling something burning and prowling about the house to find it. So I always sit up here to put out the lights and fasten the doors of the house myself.

In the Summer it is a little better. I sit in my room during the debates, and when the house is still go down to make sure that no stray candles are left burning near the muslin curtains of the sitting-room or among the pine shavings in the wood-house. But I have already begun to dread next Winter. It is months ahead, I may not live to see it, the 'Squire or his neighbors may be past disputing, there may be a revival of religion, indeed, there are many possibilities in my favor, but the probability is a bugbear that shadows every thing. I foresee the evil, but I see no way to hide myself.

"What shall I do, girls?" I ask for the fiftieth time, I dare say.

"Do?" says Cora. "Why, do as we do."

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"But I can't, my dear."

"But I would," says Maggie. "Clear out and let them go it. We have grand times in the kitchen."

"What would your father say?"

"He would n't care," says Leonore. "Do you suppose he ever thinks where we are after the quarrel has fairly set in?"

"Discussion, my dear," I correct her. "They do not really quarrel."

"It's the same thing," said Cora, and she evidently thought so.

"I wish your father would permit you to have a fire by yourselves. The kitchen is hardly a proper place for you. Besides, it is rather crowding Ann. She has her own company sometimes, you know."

"Yes, but we have got acquainted with all her Irish aunts and cousins, and they do n't mind our being present. I expect," says Maggie demurely, "that they all know how we are situated. Now, aunt Lissa, dear, do n't look so horrified! I am sure I am sorry for you, for I suppose papa would make a fuss if you should do as we do and leave him quite to himself. But I am surprised that you do n't invite company of your own to spend the evenings. There is the widow Lawton and her sister Phoebe, and Angeline Cross and the widow Peyton."

If you had been here, dear Kate, you would not have understood the chorus of laughter that followed Maggie's speech. She went on as soberly as if we were all crying, "Now, blessed be the power which gave to man his share of follies! Do n't you see the way clear before you? You need society. We young madcaps are of no account"—

"My pet!" I remonstrated.

"Yes, you need society. There is plenty of it close at hand. Good society, too. Intellectual; just your sort. Why should n't you have it? I am sure papa would not hinder you."

I did not answer, but I went up to my room to think it over. I have never told you that the 'Squire has a nervous fear of all single women, especially widows. He seems to labor under the impression that they all wish to appropriate him matrimonially, and that they will somehow contrive to do it without his knowledge or consent. I suppose he never meets a single woman even in Church without a feeling of insecurity, and any polite or neighborly inquiry on their part, a chance meeting in the street, or a smile of recognition, are each directly construed into courtship of himself, and rank in his mind with other crimes, such as assault and battery.

But I will leave this subject and tell you of

something that happened yesterday. After dinner I went to call on a sick neighbor, Mr. Haze. He had been ill a fortnight, but not seriously, and we supposed he was recovering till his wife sent for me this morning. I found him dangerously sick, but wholly unaware of his danger.

For many years he has been a warm defender of, and an apparently earnest believer in the doctrine of universal salvation, and some of my brother's stoutest arguments have been addressed to him. His theory is one which is very easily upset, and I have been often surprised to see him cling to it with an easy, satisfied way after its frail props have been knocked aside.

The doctor was with him when I arrived, and he came into the hall to meet me with so grave a face that I was alarmed at once. He is not our family physician, for among my brother's disbeliefs is an utter distrust of all doctors; but I had met him several times in the house of a sick neighbor, and I knew him to be held in great esteem in all the region, and to be as eminent for piety as for skill in medicine. So when he came forward and shook hands, with that sad look of anxiety on his face, I knew how to interpret it.

"So you think he is very ill," I said in a low voice.

"He is, indeed, Miss Phillissa. I am very glad to meet you here. I have a very painful commission to intrust to you. I have tried to execute it myself, but he is too stupid now to realize what I say. But he will rally from this dozing state, and then you must tell him; make him understand if you can that a few hours of life is all that he can look forward to. Do not be afraid to arouse him or to speak plainly. No," said the doctor, answering my looks, "there is no hope for him—none."

"Let his wife speak to him, doctor, I can not."

"She will not. I have been urging her to do so. 'If he must die,' she says, 'let him die in peace.' But to me there is something very awful in the idea of appearing so suddenly in the presence of our Judge without one moment given to serious preparation. If Mr. Haze has a short interval of reason and ease from bodily pain, as I think he will, who shall dare to wrest from him the precious privilege of sincerely offering the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

"I have little faith," I said, "in death-bed conversions."

"And yet, Miss Phillissa, God accepts those who come at the eleventh hour."

"Have you conversed with him?"

"I have attempted to do so, but I did not succeed in making him realize the truth. Till this morning I had a strong hope that he would recover, and it was important not to agitate him. But there is no chance for him now. You will tell him so, Miss Phillissa?"

"I will try."

As soon as the doctor was gone I went into the sick-room, hoping to persuade poor Mrs. Haze to allow me to take her place, but I could not persuade her to leave him for a moment. Poor woman! she had stood by him or sat on the bedside for three days and nights, and was so exhausted that she dozed even as she bent over his pillow, but no entreaties could induce her to leave her trust in my hands long enough to seek the repose she needed so much.

I drew an easy chair close to the bedside. "See," I said, "you can do nothing for him now. Let me place you so that you can lean back on these pillows. You can still hold his hand. It will not be leaving him."

"There is so little time to see him now," she urged piteously.

"I know. But if you sleep while he is dozing you will be able to speak to him when he awakes. He may have some wish to express, and you are too worn out to listen. There, shut your eyes; it will rest them. I will speak to you if he stirs."

She yielded at last and fell into a heavy sleep which lasted an hour. Was it wrong in me as I watched them both, if I wished that the spirit so near to its last journey might quietly depart without again awaking to human life? But a higher wisdom than mine determines the issues of life and death, and in a little time he began to stir uneasily, gradually shaking off the stupor of sleep and opening his eyes oftener till he was quite awake and recognized me.

"It was kind of you to come, Miss Phillissa."

"How do you feel?"

"I am better."

"You have been very sick, the doctor says."

"Yes, I suppose I have. Barbara, give me some water—some ice-water."

His wife brought the water, but he only tasted it. He seemed to be uneasy and looked from her to me, and then around the room as if trying to remember something.

"What was it the doctor said, Barbara? Was I dreaming? or did he really say that I must die? Barbara, what did he say?"

She drew back from the bed without replying, and he turned his eyes upon me. "What did he say, Miss Phillissa? I feel better. Does the doctor think there is any danger?"

"Yes," I answered slowly, for it seemed to me like reading his death-warrant. "The doctor thinks you can not recover. He expected this easy interval, but it is not a change in your favor."

He covered his face with his hands and asked, "how soon?"

"You have a few hours only."

I shall never forget the look of agony that passed over his face.

"A few hours?" he repeated. "Can this be true? Only a few hours to prepare for an eternity that will be endless? I can not do it. I need a lifetime. My head is too weak to think now. O, Miss Phillissa, what shall I do?"

"Seek for God's mercy," I answered. "It is never too late to appeal to that."

"It is too late for me. I have wasted all these years; a lifetime of precious moments like these that are slipping by. I can do nothing now."

"Yet Jesus will receive you if you come to him in penitence."

"I can not. I am groping in darkness. There is no way out of it."

"Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. He will help you. He can change your heart and fit you for his kingdom. Think of the penitent thief, saved in death's extremity."

"No, no, do not talk to me of change now. But what have I done, after all, that I need to be afraid? It is because I am so weak. What wickedness have I committed?"

"None, my own husband," said his wife earnestly. "Take comfort. You have done no wrong."

"There is no crime of which men can accuse me," he continued eagerly. "I have been as upright in all my dealings as any man in the town. Have n't I helped the poor and been a good citizen, a kind husband and father? Surely God does not require impossibilities. He will accept me."

But even while trying thus to quiet his awakening conscience a strong dread seized upon him, and he finished his laudation of self by groaning out, "I am afraid to die. I am not ready. Send for the doctor. If he could but prolong my life for a day and give me time! Send for him, Barbara. Tell him I can't die yet. How could I let the whole of life slip by without getting ready to die! It is too late now. Barbara, be warned by me. Attend to your eternal interests at once. There is time for you, but I am lost forever."

Again he strove to recall his good deeds and offer them as a reason for claiming God's mercy, in his behalf.

"I am surely better than most men," he pleaded. "And God is just. Ah, that is a terrible thought. If he were only merciful I might hope, but who can stand before his justice?"

In vain I strove to lead his thoughts to the compassionate Savior of sinners. He could only think of him as the unerring Judge of the wicked. He was not still a moment, and as his strength gradually declined and he ceased to speak, his wistful, imploring looks were terrible to see.

I staid with poor Mrs. Haze till it was all over. She is stunned by her trouble now and goes about the house like one walking in a dream. She does not yet think of her own widowhood. One horrible thought possesses her—that her husband is not saved.

"We must leave him with God," I said to her. "We know he will do right."

"Ah, that does not comfort me, if my husband is lost."

I could not administer consolation. I could only weep with her and pray for her. And this, I reflected, is all that Universalism does for its disciples in the hour of their extremity. In health our friend had rested contentedly upon its pleasing, lying doctrines; but he did not once mention them when he was face to face with death. To his sharpened spiritual senses they showed in their false colors, and were thrown aside as useless.

My brother was greatly agitated when I told him that Mr. Haze was dead. It was only the other night that he was here, and sat with him on the piazza till a late hour discussing some theological question. O, those empty, bitter disputations! Could my brother remember them without thinking how much better to have shown the sweet spirit of charity, the loving meekness and humility of a true disciple of the Lord Jesus?

Our whole circle is mournfully affected by this sudden death, and Maggie went shivering from the table when I described that sad death-bed. Cora and Leonore are both, as I trust, Christians, but Maggie has learned from her father to cavil at truth, however it is presented, and to doubt all professions of goodness. Yet there are times when I think she is not far from the kingdom of God.

"I would not marry Robert if he were not a Christian, aunt Lissa," she said this morning. "I should lose my senses if he were to die like Mr. Haze."

"What if he should make the same resolution in regard to choosing a wife? What, then, my pet?"

"He would show his wisdom, I think."

But I noticed the slight trembling in her voice as she answered thus lightly.

My sheet is full and I must close. Let me get a letter from you next week. It seems a great while since I heard from you.

Affectionately, PHILLISSA BROWN.

HUNTED TO DEATH.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

WATER-LILIES, sweet and cool, flecked the stirless, wayside pool,

Like maids' dimpled shoulders a-gleaming through their leaves;

When she wandered all distraught, her fawn eyes sad with thought,

Where the reapers long had brought from the fields their latest sheaves.

With one hand she swept aside grape-vines, trailing low and wide,

And drew apart the worn and rustling pennons of the corn,

The other, tightly prest to her white and heart-rocked breast,

All the agony confest that her tender flesh had torn.

Listening, like a wounded hart, with her panting lips apart,

For the voices of the hunters, and their hoof-beats on the sands;

While the young life from her veins wasted in the flowered lanes,

And along the heathy plains, let by slander's sheathless brands.

Open stood her cottage door, with the creepers' clust'ring o'er,

That were scarlet with their trumpets in the sunshine of July;

But a cherished dream was dead when their od'rous lives had fled,

And she had no hope, she said, in her poor life's by and by!

In the deep and shadowy well honeysuckle blossoms fell,

And the lichens grew and strengthened all along its useless sweep,

Wind-cleft dahlias dropped and died on the pathways smooth and wide,

But no footsteps through them hied, and the old house lay asleep.

Half-unhinged the garden gate, and the arbor desolate,

While upon the moss-grown seat lay her loved guitar unstrung,

And a village story grew—ah, God knows it was not true—

That 't was shame had chased the hue from a cheek so round and young.

When the Indian Summer came, with its tapestry of flame

Hanging all the whisp'ring forests, in the hazy, sapphire air;

Where the church-spire cast its shade on the ivied graves, she strayed,

Tracing on the stones decayed records of the sleepers there.

If a passer's step she heard, swifter than a woodland bird

She had flitted thro' the cobwebs curtaining the old church door,

To the gallery, where an owl, gray priest, witless of a cowl,

Sat and sung his vespers foul, in the starlight cold and hoar.

Thro' a breezeless Winter night snow-blooms dropped their petals light,

And were heaped in gleaming furrows on the graves till break of day;

When some neighbor found her there, with her wan hands clasped in prayer,

And the anguish and despair from her face had passed away.

So they smoothed her ebon hair as they whispered, "She is fair;

But her feet had grown so weary, and 't is well that she hath rest;"

And they laid her 'neath the snow, while the winds sobbed to and fro,

Where the blue heart's-ease will blow, with the Spring, above her breast.

O, false tongues, ye broke a heart! she had known no meager part

Of life's bitterness before, yet her woman's heart was brave;

But ye crushed her spirits down with your words and cruel frown;

And she won a martyr's crown, just beyond a martyr's grave!

WINTER OF THE HEART.

THERE is a silent Winter of the heart,

When all our joys, like fading leaves decay,

And hopes we nursed, like Summer birds depart;

And we ourselves grow weary by the way;

When life looks dull, like some bleak landscape where

A solitary figure, through the storm,

Moves on, close wrapped against the frosty air,

With heavy, plodding step and bended form.

In chilly flakes the whirling snow comes down,

Driven in his face it strikes the traveler blind;

High over the gray hills the cold skies frown,

And like a houseless wanderer sobs the wind.

Thus looks the world to us when from the breast

The genial warmth that filled the heart has fled,

Leaving it like the chamber where the guest

Finds the warm fire which they kindled for him dead.

So when our joys like fading leaves decay,

When all our hopes, like Summer birds depart,

And Love's bright altar-flames pale fast away,

Then is the silent Winter of the heart.

SAVONAROLA.

BY REV. GEORGE PRENTICE.

(CONCLUDED.)

IT is easy to discern how such a state of public and private morals would affect Savonarola. First, witnessing the deep and ruinous corruption of the worldly and ambitious, he had turned to the Church as the fountain and asylum of purity. His mystical temperament led him to seek, in solitude, prayer, vigils, fasting, and penance, to escape an inward sinfulness whose fruits seemed so dreadful in the world about him. In this he was successful. Guided by the Word of God he became a Christian. Being a Christian, it was impossible for him to be silent in the presence of so much wickedness. Corruption had invaded the very cloisters of San Marco, where the memory of the saintly Antonino was still fresh. Gradually gaining influence among the friars, he was at length elected Prior, and speedily wrought a reform in his convent. Schools of sculpture and painting were opened; ancient literatures, particularly that of the Hebrew and its cognate tongue, were carefully investigated. Those friars who had no aptness for study, wrought at some useful trade, aiding by their labor in the support of the convent; those who had suitable talents were employed in preaching; books were added to the library, and Fra Angelico decorated the walls with those marvelously-beautiful paintings, which still are the wonder and delight of visitors.

From a reformed convent Savonarola naturally looked forth with earnest desires to accomplish a like change in the proud and corrupt city of Florence. Nearly two centuries earlier it had been portrayed by the stern and vivid pen of Dante as crowned with loveliness, but sunk in injustice and vice. The throbbings of the exile's heart may be felt in the beautiful lines where he alludes to his birthplace.

"Should it befall that e'er the sacred lay—
On which have laid their hand both heaven and earth,
While year by year my body pined away—
O'ercome the cruelty that is my bar,
From the fair fold where I, a lamb, had birth,
For to the ravening wolves its peace who mar;
With other voice, with other fleece shall I
Poet return."—*Paradise, Canto 25.*

How numerous he thought those wolves is clear from the conversation which he holds with Ciacco, in the sixth canto of the *Inferno*, concerning Florence. "Tell me if there is a just man there," says Dante. "Two just men are there, but they are unknown," returns Ciacco.

The long contentions, ending in bloodshed and exile, which appeared certain to Dante's prevision, sharpened as it was by persecution and banishment, had repeatedly thrown the city into confusion, and draped whole families in mourning. The citizens were rich and licentious, fond of show and enamored of the arts, boastful of freedom and slaves to cruel tyranny.

Looking beyond Florence, Savonarola saw Italy a prey to dissension and falsehood. In the outset of his career he extended his thoughts no farther. The only apparent method of influencing men, within his reach, was by preaching. In this he was not at first successful. His early sermons at Ferrara and Florence produced little effect. Twenty-five or thirty hearers were all that he could command, and even they contrasted his negligent style unfavorably with that of the more finished pulpit orators who then enjoyed a wide but fruitless popularity. To such critics he boldly replied, that elegance of language must yield to simplicity in preaching sound doctrine. The more he became familiar with the Church and the world, the more fully was he satisfied that it was time to look for divine judgments upon both. He speedily began to proclaim those prophetic words which were so long his battle-cry: "The Church will be scourged, and then renovated, and this will be done speedily."

But not much time elapsed before he began to attack openly the corruptions of the priesthood and the tyranny of the Medici. Ample matter for denunciation and satire offered itself on either topic, and the orator did not fail to use this advantage. Conceive the anger of the sensual priests as they were publicly described by one who knew them well in these terms: "They speak against pride and ambition, and are sunk in both up to the very eyes; they preach chastity and keep concubines; they enjoin fasting, and delight to live sumptuously. Such men are pernicious, false, wicked, and of the devil; for in them appears all his malice. Such prelates exult in their dignity and despise others; they are those who desire to be looked up to with reverence and awe; these are they that seek to occupy the high places in the synagogue, the chief pulpits in Italy. They seek to be seen and saluted in public places, and to be called Master and Rabbi. They delight in fringes and phylacteries; they look wise, and expect to be understood by gestures. There are only two things in that temple in which they find delight, and these are the paintings on the walls, and the gilding with which it is covered. It is thus that, in our Church, there are many beautiful external cere-

monies in the solemnization of the holy offices, splendid vestments and draperies, with gold and silver candlesticks, and many chalices, all of which have a majestic effect. There you see great prelates, wearing golden miters, set with precious stones, on their heads, and silver croziers in their hands, standing before the altar with capes of brocade, slowly intoning vespers and other masses with much ceremony, accompanied by an organ and singers, till you become quite stupefied; and these men appear to you to be men of great gravity and holiness, and you believe that they are incapable of error, and they themselves believe that all they say and do is commanded by the Gospel to be observed. Men feed upon these vanities and rejoice in these ceremonies, and say that the Church of Christ was never in so flourishing a state, and that divine worship was never so well conducted as at present; and that the early prelates were contemptible compared with those of modern times. They certainly had not so many golden miters, and so many chalices; and they parted with those they had to relieve the necessities of the poor; our prelates get their chalices by taking that from the poor which is their support. But know ye what I would say? In the primitive Church there were wooden chalices and golden bishops; but now the church has golden chalices and wooden bishops. They have established among us the festivals of the devil, they believe not in God, and make a mockery of the mysteries of our religion."

The rulers of Italy he castigated as follows: "These wicked princes are sent as a punishment for the sins of their subjects; they are truly a great snare for souls; their palaces and halls are a refuge of all the beasts and monsters of the earth, and are a shelter for caitiffs and every kind of wickedness. Such men resort to their palaces because there they find the means and the excitements to vent all their evil passions. There we find evil councilors who devise new burdens and new imposts for sucking the blood of the people. There we find the flattering philosophers and poets, who, by a thousand stories and lies, trace the genealogy of those wicked princes from the gods; and what is still worse, there we find priests who adopt the same language."

Whoever steadily tells men the truth will speedily find himself in sufficiently dramatical situations, says some sharp observer, and this fact Savonarola quickly proved. Enemies began to arise whose influence was greatly to be feared; but to such a degree had the abuses of Church and State arisen, that whoever denounced them

attracted popular favor, and whoever pointed out a probable deliverance was hailed as a public benefactor. Savonarola at first confined his predictions to the general statements that God would speedily scourge and purify Italy and the Church. This could not be even constructive treason, and yet it fixed all eyes upon him. Moved by some mysterious impulse, he foretold the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Innocent VIII, and as both shortly afterward expired, he thereby gained credit among the people as a prophet—an opinion which was strengthened by the severe sanctity of his life. What completed his ascendancy over the populace was the fact that, in a time of profound peace, he asserted the near approach of Divine judgments in the awful calamities of war; and just as the army of Charles VIII, of France, poured its desolating tide down the slopes of the Alps over the fertile fields of Italy, he shouted forth this text, amid universal agitation, to the thronging masses who filled the vast Duomo: *Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth.* The invasion came unexpectedly; no preparations for resistance had been made; and when the preacher, full of emotion himself, warned Florence to prepare for the visitation of God's anger and, through repentance, to seek its mitigation, the auditors shivered as if struck with sudden ague-chills. He alone had foreseen the coming of these evils, and men began to recognize in him a better leader than could be hoped for in the spiritless and halting Piero di Medicis.

On rolled the stream of the invaders without any check, till it reached the territories, and seemed intent on entering the city of Florence. Angry at Medicean weakness and neglect, the people expelled their prince in this critical hour when a union of all efforts seemed imperatively required to save themselves from foreign subjugation. For several days there was really no government in the city. Either there was no man who had sufficient influence to guide events, or, in so dangerous a period, all were struck with a sudden timidity. At the Duomo, Savonarola was daily preaching to ever-growing multitudes, and as he saw no hand outstretched to keep the city from falling into anarchy, he began publicly to advise them how to proceed in establishing a municipal government. They acted upon his advice, and speedily, without holding any office or having any civil power, he was the very soul of the new movement. He thus became more than ever an object of hatred to the Medici, who, though silent, were still numerous, and to the prelates headed by the Pope, whose vices he still exposed and

rebuked. The government which he founded restored order to Florence, and made it impossible for the old tyranny to gain a new foothold. Acting under no authority save that which genius and sanctity impart, he went alone to the French camp, and by his reputation as a prophet and diplomatic skill saved his fellow-citizens from subjugation by a foreign enemy. Thus, for several years, was he wont to guide the course of events by suggesting in his sermons what policy should be adopted. These suggestions were taken up by the magistrates and usually agreed to without dissent.

And now came on the most difficult and sorrowful part of Savonarola's life. He had played a conspicuous part in a great political revolution, and had given such mortal offense to spiritual and temporal tyrants that it was impossible he should be forgiven. Alexander the Sixth had sought to silence his terrible accusations by the offer of a cardinal's hat, but had failed to gain his end. There was but one other way to effect his purpose; namely, by Savonarola's death. Upon this the pontiff and his allies now determined. It seems clear that the Reformer should either have kept aloof from personal action in the revolution of his day, or he should have entered into it more thoroughly. To guide matters as he did, and yet possess no political office, was to encounter all the deadly enmities that belong naturally to such a stormy period, without taking up those weapons of defense which are so needful for safety. Had he rendered the political fortunes of men dependent upon his welfare, he would have found numerous and brave defenders. But when men saw that they could yield him up without endangering their own prosperity; nay, that they could even make him a scape-goat for their offenses, the chances of his overthrow were multiplied. This he felt, and accordingly began early to predict his own violent death. He sought to induce as sweeping a reform in the city as had been accomplished in his convent. To this end, bands of children were organized and sent throughout the whole place to demand all obscene books, prints, pictures, statuary, masks, carnival robes, and such other vanities, that they might be burned. Two immense bonfires were framed and kindled of such materials, and many thousand dollars' worth were consumed.

Such war upon the chosen vices of men was sure to react upon him who waged it. To think of leading a whole city up to the ideal purity of primitive monastic virtue was unparalleled madness. The proud and earnest founders of those religious orders almost invari-

ably saw cause to denounce the most terrible penalties against those disciples who should let down the severity of their discipline. Savonarola himself had witnessed the decline of rigid monastic law in his own convent. But when he summoned the licentious and intemperate Florentines to live as he lived, one can almost see their sneering faces, as with a truly Italian shrug they answered with Sir Toby:

"Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale
Because thou art virtuous?"

The martyr was correct in believing that, unguarded by official position, his only safety lay in throwing a pervading sense of religious duty into the masses, but he seems himself to have apprehended the difficulty of such a task. Accordingly he began to foretell his approaching death, and to declare his unalterable purpose to die for the welfare of the city. His foes succeeded in obtaining a clear ascendancy in the municipal government, and instantly began to employ their power for his ruin. The most obvious way of doing so was by persuading the people that the Prior was an impostor. He had uttered many predictions, and some of these had been remarkably accomplished. These were not general in character, like those of Theodore Parker and others that slavery would ultimately involve our land in the convulsions of civil war, but specific and personal, such as seemed removed beyond mortal ken. Savonarola sometimes assumed the tone and authority of a prophet, and at others seems to have been doubtful of the origin of his vaticinations.

It must be remembered that this was nearly four centuries ago, and that superstition then gave the widest range to belief in spiritual beings, witches, elves, fairies, visions, dreams, and demoniac agency. With the utmost gravity Marsilio Ficino, the erudite Platonist, changed daily the stone set in his ring, and the claws and teeth of his various amulets, upon whose occult virtues he publicly lectured. Francesco Guicciardini affirmed that he had often felt the presence of aerial spirits. Christiforo Landino read the future of the Christian faith in the courses of the stars. Whoever impartially examines this entire subject in the light of the science and faith of those times, will become, we think, fully convinced of Savonarola's entire sincerity. His prophecies were so many, so minute, and so public, and were also so exactly fulfilled, that a less superstitious mind than his might easily have thought them of celestial origin. Even the astute and skeptical Macchiavelli dared not affirm them falsehoods. While Carnines and Nordi, and others of less note

proclaimed him a true prophet, the Florentine Secretary refuses to express doubt, "because," he says, "one ought never to speak of such a man but with reverence," adding that "numbers without end believed in them, because his life, his doctrine, the subjects that he took up, were sufficient to induce them to give full credit to him."

Guicciardini, perhaps the fairest of his judges, hesitates here. He says, "I look to time for the solution of these doubts; but if Savonarola was sincere, and the sanctity of his life justifies that belief, we have been witnesses in our time to a very great prophet; but if he was not sincere, we have seen a very great man. It would have been impossible for him to have done the things he did, conduct them with such consummate art, with so much prudence, had he not been gifted with the rarest talent." The real truth probably is, that Savonarola, by his rare insight, discerned events in the future which others could not foresee, scarcely knowing how it was done himself; and that, familiar with the abstruse speculations of the schoolmen, and full of the visions and revelations of the Apocalypse, Daniel, and Ezekiel, he deemed his knowledge of these events of Divine origin. To a fervent fancy like his, the importance of his mission might seem to justify the bestowment of such an unusual gift.

The Signory now instigated the people to claim some public miracle wrought by Savonarola as the surest evidence of the reality of his prophecies. When the popular mind had been sufficiently inflamed earnestly to demand such an exhibition, matters suddenly took on a strange complexion. A Franciscan monk publicly pronounced Savonarola a deceiver, and summoned him to pass the ordeal of fire, so as to show, by escaping unhurt, the truth of his doctrine. Savonarola treated the proposal as a presumptuous appeal to God; but one of his followers, Fra Domenico, deemed himself personally challenged to this ordeal, and instantly reported that he would enter the fire in company with the Franciscan, that thus it might be fairly tried which was the impostor. This proposal seems to have been made in good faith, and despite Savonarola's objections, Domenico declared his firm persuasion that he should come from the ordeal unscathed. The people, greedy for so novel a spectacle, clamored for the proffered trial by fire. The Signory made the necessary arrangements, but the Franciscan speedily showed that he was not disposed to trust himself to the flames, however willing he might be to send others into them. He raised endless objections, and after finding them all allowed,

sought out others to shield him from his part in the strange drama.

Finally, Domenico lost patience and would grant no further demands. The fires burnt out, the champions departed, the people were in a fury of passion, which was artfully directed by the magistrates against Savonarola. His convent was assaulted that very evening, and himself and his disciples were made easy captives. The Pope had now become thoroughly aroused. It was dangerous to have a man of genius thundering against his vices, who feared only God, who was insensible to the bribe of a Cardinal's hat, and who faithfully did his own work, however difficult, "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." He was terrified, also, lest the electrical eloquence of the monk should move the rulers of Christendom to grant that general council to reform the abuses of Rome for which he clamored so sternly. Such a council it was the constant policy of the pontiffs to prevent. Savonarola signed his own death-warrant in demanding it; but then, it was better so to die than to submit in cowardly silence.

Commissioners soon left Rome, not to try but to convict and burn Savonarola. One of his judges boasted before the trial that he had the sentence by heart. Alone before his accusers, subjected frequently to the rack, his language sadly distorted, and falsehood doing its best to blacken his character, the high spirit of the martyr never failed him. He was condemned to die at the stake. When the time for his execution came, Florence thronged about the place of execution. Amid those who hated him unto death, and those who longed to share his fate, this pure soul who hated none, but loved all, was led forth to die.

On the scaffold there was a singular scene. "I separate thee," said the priest who conducted the degradation of Savonarola from the priestly office, and who was awed by the sublime bearing of the martyr, "I separate thee from the Church triumphant"—in his confusion using the word triumphant where the office employs the word militant. Instantly the face of Savonarola lighted up—"From the Church militant," said he, "not from the Church triumphant; over that thou hast no power." The flames were kindled, and his soul went on their angry breath to heaven. While his lifeless form was still hanging over the chains, the rising wind kept lifting his right arm and letting it fall again, making his foes fancy that even in death he was denouncing them, and his friends feel that he was giving them his parting blessing. The base men of Florence were secure, and the

incarnation of vice still ruled in quiet the Romish Church, now that this apostle of liberty and purity had perished upon the scaffold. The poet must solve this historic riddle for us.

"Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record

One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;

Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own."

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

THERE is connected with every deep heart-experience a necessary solitariness and isolation. When two souls dare drink together the sparkling cup of human love, and feel its effect in a half-sad, half-glad infatuation, who is there in all this crowded world to each save the other? When now and then the sainted Christian, in his earnest gazing into heaven, catches a gleam from the open gates, and his soul is saturated with ecstasy, you may know it by the silent falling tears, the whispered "glory," or the unconscious shout, but he can not explain himself, he is alone with God.

In sorrow, too, we are isolated. When the face that is of all earth's beautiful faces the sweetest to you lies locked away under the snow; when the arm upon which you have long leaned is nerveless; when the voice that has always gladdened you will come to you again only in sad, startling echoes, can you commune with the world? However near your friends try to approach you with comforting sympathy, you feel their words a very mockery. There is naught in all the world save yourself and the terrible grief that is crushing you. Alone, too, we meet our spiritual foes. Who can stand by us in the hour of fierce combat with Satan and his host of elusive invisible allies? All alone we must walk the dark valley, and plead our cause alone before the bar of eternity.

In these moments of desert isolation the heart, in bitter lonesomeness, looks up appealingly to some spirit-friend who can *feel* its grief without an explanation. The cloak of human flesh is so thick that in the neediest hours it keeps our friends so far away they can not help us. Instinctively we shun companionship, which we feel assured can not give perfect sym-

pathy. But God, our pitiful father, can surely know all about it, and we look appealingly in our dumb anguish of soul to him. Our eyes, pained with their far, upward-straining, rest upon the Mediator, half-way between us and the glorious Father, and we feel at last that we are not quite alone. Has not Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and prayed long nights to God for strength to bear out bravely the dreadful task assumed? Did he not grow weary with long walking, and sit down upon the Samaritan well to rest? Has he not, too, been tempted? Surely Jesus is able to sympathize perfectly with us in all our bereavements, our weariness, and our spiritual conflicts.

Yet it is not always easy for us to realize this. Accustomed for eighteen hundred years to look upon Christ as glorified at the right hand of his Father, we almost fear he has forgotten the days of his incarnation, and that he can not feel with us the pain for which we plead his sympathy. It were well, now and then, to go back and look upon Jesus as he seemed to his disciples, that we may be able to feel the full blessedness of the assurance that he is indeed our elder brother, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Forgetting to do this, and remembering him only as the glorified Son of God, the account of his temptation loses all force, and we must feel that his combat with Satan was in no wise perilous or painful like our own. Looking upon him thus, what harm, or even pain can the shafts falling upon his invincible front occasion him? Regarding him as glorified Christ, we thus read the story of the temptation.

"And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread." Here was Christ, omniscient, for he was the Son of God, and knowing all things, he knew his own divinity, recognized Satan, and appreciated his boasted, yet fictitious power. How easy to scorn whatever the impotent tempter might presume to say! Surely he was hungry, but did he not know that God, who had sent him on earth with so glorious a mission, would save him to accomplish it, even though there were no bread? And did not his strong confidence in his sonship make him feel that though otherwise he might create physical nourishment from the stones at his feet, he could not deign to follow the command of one of his Father's ruined, unrepenting rebels. Could he accommodate the prince whose throne he had come to earth to destroy? He could see no advantage to be gained, no danger to be avoided by yielding to

Satan's request. Was that a fierce temptation? "Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and sitteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, he shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Here Satan tempted Christ to presumption; but while he saw and appreciated his mean and ugly antagonist, and recognized the endeavor to entrap him, could he feel at all tempted to comply with the request? He knew the added strength that the least compliance would give his adversary; he knew he ran no risk by disregarding him, for could not his omnipotence save him from any, even the most daring attempts to injure him? Could Christ feel inclined to fly through the air, from his high pinnacle, simply to please the one who was trying to nullify his mission?

"Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Here was Satan, who owned no sure inheritance, in sheer insolence offering to give the kingdoms of the earth to the conscious owner of all things. Was that a fierce temptation? Or even if we should say that the kingdoms of the earth belonged to Satan, and that Christ might have become their temporal king by obedience, how could that offer dazzle the eyes of one who felt his own omnipotence, and knew that when it suited the exigency of his own plans, he should "do according to his will in the army of heaven, and among all inhabitants of the earth."

Indeed, how *could* Christ be tempted? Does not a temptation presuppose some previous weakness or ignorance, or depravity? Adam and Eve were pure, and they fell, but they were ignorant. They had not seen sin tried. They thought, no doubt, they were making a good bargain, when they disobeyed God and ate of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil. Satan, too, fell, but he had never seen a rebellion, and doubtless did not realize how fruitless must be any attempt to oppose the most high Governor. But Christ knew all these things, and was pure besides. How could temptation find in him any spot in which to be efficient?

So Christ's combat with Satan appears to us as we keep in our minds Jesus as glorified Christ. But not thus did Jesus go on to the spiritual battle-field. He wore no such imper-

vious armor. He was tempted *in all points* as we are, and surely we are not thus strongly guarded with omnipotence and omniscience. Indeed, God, with these divine attributes, could not possibly be tempted; but Jesus, both God and man, could, in his human nature, undergo the conflicts we suffer.

In our own strongly-mingled spiritual and physical nature there is a kind of alternating ebb and flow. To-day we are spiritual heroes; the heavy body holds us to our place with loose bands; we are almost spirits. To-morrow we will be the complete slave of the body, almost merely physical. In that intimate union of humanity and divinity which existed in Jesus might there not have been something similar? In the transfiguration, walking on the sea, opening tombs, feeding multitudes, Christ seemed all divine. In his long nights of prayer, in his weariness at Samaria, in the temptation, he seemed weakly human. Was not his divinity sometimes held in abeyance, so that he could descend with us, into the lowest depths of humanity's sorrow and weakness, yet without sin? When he went up into the dreadful desert to be tempted, did he not voluntarily leave behind him the glory of his divinity, and go with that strength alone which we ourselves can have, that he might perfectly know our infirmities?

We oftenest fall in our combats because we can not see our foes, or because they are masked, and the most perilous circumstance of our temptation is the doubt and darkness in which we are wrapped. Can it be that he who was tempted *in all points* like us was spared this most painful condition? No, Jesus could not have had full confidence in his omnipotence and omniscience when he met Satan, else his adversary's insinuations and blandishments could never have merited the name of Christ's temptation.

Mysterious double nature of Jesus! We can not understand it; but while we worship him as our ascended, glorious Mediator, we must not forget him as tempted, tried, weeping Jesus, lest we fail to enjoy the consciousness that in all things, save the stain of sin, he is our brother.

Christ has dignified humanity by assuming it fully. We should thus reverence it more for its imparted sanctity.

FEAR not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions.

JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN E. CUTLER.

NUMBER V.

SOME people seem to imagine that the amount of work accomplished is in proportion to the noise attending it. The present incumbent of the kitchen thinks so; at least her practice indicates it. She seems to fancy noise a sort of propelling power, and that much can not be done without it. I see the same indication among some of my women friends—housekeepers—when they put a shoulder to the wheel themselves. I have been thinking a good deal about this matter lately. It was brought to my mind very forcibly this morning by a slight nervous headache, which made me more sensitive to discordant sounds.

When Suzy was clearing away the breakfast things, clattering the dishes, and slamming the door going out and in, it seemed to me that they were in direct contact with my nervous system, striking me blows. I knew Suzy was noisy beyond what was necessary or common, and that is saying a great deal in this world of jarring machinery; but I had never been so sensible of it before. Sometimes I am not sensible of it at all, when my mind is fully occupied, and I feel well and strong. Others, people of delicate nerves, may have been disturbed by it a good deal, I thought, those who are occasional inmates of the house. Even the members of my own family may have been annoyed by it, and not like to complain.

We do not enough consider that noises to which we are used so that we do not notice them, may be very disturbing to others. People who live amid the din of a city, get so accustomed to it that it is like perfect silence to them. Let one go there from the forest, or the quiet country, for the first time, as a general thing he would hardly be able to sleep or think quietly for awhile, in such a Babel of sounds. Perhaps it is so with our household din many times. It may be disturbing to others, when we are so used to it we do not notice it.

I remember once experiencing from a slight cause the disturbance a sound we are not used to may sometimes occasion us—a sound that we should not hear at all with a little use. I had not been very well, and my nervous system was quite sensitive, so that quiet or harmonious sounds suited me best. I went to visit a friend. I was put, to sleep, in a room with a clock in it that ticked very loudly, and struck still louder, with a spiteful, jerking sound. It kept me awake for several hours

after I went to bed the first night I slept in the room with it, and after I had fallen asleep every time it struck I would awake with a start, my heart beating almost audibly.

I was to stay a week or two at the house, and I thought, I shall get used to it, for I know how such things lose their power over us with use. I did not like to say any thing about it, it would look fidgety, I feared. After a few nights I did n't mind it. I did n't hear the ticking when I was awake, and the striking did n't wake me.

We had quite a time this evening with little Milly. She got a grain of dust or something in her eye, and it was very painful. Aunt Milly had gone to bed, and I did not know what to do. Uncle Tim came in and told her to let it alone, and keep her eye open, and it would work itself out.

I had been trying to rub it out with the corner of a handkerchief, and she had been rubbing it with her knuckles, till it began to look quite inflamed. She followed the simple directions of Uncle Tim, and true enough, in a little while it did "float out at the corner," I suppose, as he said it would, for it was gone.

How much better things would be, many times, if we would let them alone! The world, they say, is governed too much. There is no doubt it is *doctored* too much, and Uncle Tim says it is *fed* too much. I must consider these propositions some time when I have time.

I remember a little matter that happened once that shows up the *doctoring* too much.

A horse was *cast* in the stable—not molded out of metal—but fallen down upon a heap of rubbish in such a manner that he could not raise himself.

There was no one at home but *the women*. We found the horse lying there in that situation, unable to get up, his heels higher than his back, his side lying upon the heap of filth that ought to have been removed, and we did not know what ailed him. We did not know it was his *position* that prevented his getting up.

We held a council upon ways and means, and agreed to send for Doherty, a neighboring Irishman, to consult measures about the sad condition of poor "Barney."

Doherty came. We introduced him to the stable and to the fallen Barney. Doherty scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments; then he looked up brightly, and said he, "Faith, it's me belafe there ought to be something turned *down* him," (with a rising inflection.)

Doherty was about as enlightened in his prescription as the most of people, when any one is *cast* by any illness. The first thing is usually, in such cases, "something must be turned down them," though it is a chance if they know what, or what for.

I made a nice little tea-cake to-night from a receipt Mrs. Elliston gave me. It turned out well, not only out of the baking dish, but it proved to be good. I said at table I was glad my cake had turned out well, for it was a new experiment.

Cousin Allen said it had not only turned out well, but turned in well, for it was all eaten.

I will write down the receipt, for I may want to use it again, it is so simple and so good:

Tea Cake.—One cup sugar, one egg, a lump of butter as large as half an egg, one cup sweet milk—I took cream, and found it very good indeed; I think the chief excellence of my cake was owing to it—one pint flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. I do not have to make cake for the family very often, for none of them care much for it, unless it is once in a while a simple one, like the one we had to-night, eaten warm.

As I do not think of any thing else in particular to write this evening, I will pen a little tale that cousin Abby told me about an uncle of hers. It was brought to her mind by the little incident Norton related concerning the cat at Mr. Fuller's. It was her mother's brother, Mr. Newell; I remember seeing him, a little wizen-faced man, but possessing much shrewdness, it was said.

He was a bachelor, and fancied a pretty widow. He had met the widow in society and admired her. She was tasteful in dress, witty, and graceful.

A mutual friend, one of those go-betweens who make themselves so officious upon such occasions, spoke well of him to the widow, enlightened her upon the subject of his numerous acres, and spoke well of the widow to him. Affairs seemed to be in a favorable train. Without exactly a meeting being appointed, the widow was notified that she would probably be "surprised" by a call from him on a certain afternoon, and she prepared accordingly to be surprised in good, like an expert tactician.

A young lady, who was staying with her, told the maneuvers afterward. The widow arranged her dress with studied carelessness, a graceful negligence, that was more becoming than the elaborate toilet in which he had seen

her abroad. The furniture, etc., was arranged in the same order, and the widow sat down to await the result of her strategy. But the afternoon passed, and the evening, and the bachelor did not make his appearance. The widow peeped stealthily through the blinds ever and anon till she was tired; and when night came she listened intently to every sound, expecting to hear his footsteps, till it was too late to think of his coming.

Once she thought she heard some one coming up the path from the gate, and she threw herself into an interesting attitude, and her cheek flushed with expectation. But, alas! she was doomed to "blush unseen," no one came.

Probably business had detained him, she said to her lady friend—business, that scape-goat of men; their excuse for non-fulfillment of all engagements that do not relate to business; for non-attendance at all places where it is expected they will be.

The next morning a friend, a sort of "Aunt Charity," who lived opposite, came over bright and early. She had spied something she did not understand, and came in to get an explanation of what puzzled her, or to excite surprise by telling something that was not known. After sitting a moment, refusing to take off her "things," saying she could n't stay but a few moments, she asked: "What was that old bachelor Newell in your yard for yesterday?"

Then came a genuine surprise to the widow's face. "Newell in the yard!" she exclaimed. "What time? who saw him?"

"Why, I saw him," answered Aunt Biah, as she was called, who might have been named Aunt Charity from her curiosity about her neighbor. "I happened to be sitting by the window"—Aunt Biah generally "happened" to be sitting by the window when there was any thing going forward among her neighbors, or when there was not, watching for something.

Perhaps it is not so strange in these old ladies who have nothing else to do, and who want some amusement, and we ought to allow them in it, and not deride them for it. Poor old souls! should we grudge them the little remains of comfort and amusement left them—looking out upon the world from the loop-holes of their retreats—the world with which they have done, and can only look upon at a distance? Who is harmed by their innocent speculations? Let them look at us if it affords them any pleasure.

But I am leaving the widow on the tenter-hooks of suspense. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon—Aunt Cha, or, rather, Aunt Biah, was sure the little clock in the room had struck just before the event happened—Aunt Biah

was generally very exact in her relations, and she thought she could safely affirm that it had—well, a few minutes after the clock had struck four—Aunt Biah remembered now distinctly what it was that made her remember that the clock had struck *before* she saw Mr. Newell, that little old bachelor, go in at the widow Laughlin's gate—she was thinking it was time to put her tea-kettle on, and she must go away from the window and see to it—she had just thought this when he appeared on the walk, "all dressed up as spruce as could be," and she thought she would just wait and see where he was going. She "rather mistrusted," she said, as soon as she saw him.

He came down the street, opened the widow's gate, and walked in, stopped a minute or two in the yard, Aunt Biah thought perhaps three minutes; at least the time seemed as long as that to her, because she was waiting to see what he would do, and then he turned and walked out again, and went back up the street.

She thought it "dreadful strange," she said. She could n't see into it, because he was dressed up so spruce she was sure he had "come a courting."

The widow could n't understand it. Cousin Abby said she did n't think she ever knew to her dying day—she's dead now—why "bachelor Newell" came into the yard and went away again without seeing her. But it came out afterward, Abby said; he told it himself; but she did not think any one ever told the widow. It would have been well enough, though, if they had; she might have learned something.

Well, he told to the friend that tried to make the match between them: afterward, what made it "flash in the pan," as he expressed it.

Going into the yard, the first thing that greeted his eyes among the widow's flowers, which were the admiration of the neighborhood, lay a dog and cat that started up at his approach and skulked away as if in expectation of a beating for daring to enjoy themselves lying there in the Summer sunshine. As they ran away he followed them with his eyes, and not only abject fear was expressed in their movements, but gaunt famine in their frames. *Frames* expressed their appearance exactly, for there was little else of them. He stood and mused a few moments. Could the woman who would treat helpless animals in this way have any tenderness for a husband—for any one? The answer quickly came to him, "No," and he wheeled out of the widow's yard, and wheeled her out of his thoughts, as he said, blessing his stars at the lucky chance that had led him to the widow's in the day-time, when these

evidences of her home-management stared him in the face, and resolving, if he ever thought of courting another woman, he would first examine the condition of her cat and dog, if she had any.

A CLUSTER OF STARS.

IN whatever aspect we view the origin of Methodism we find it rich in the material which it furnishes for study and for history. It is remarkable, not for giving new doctrines to the world, but for the evident manner by which it was led by the Divine Spirit to give prominent utterance to those vital doctrines of Christianity which renovate the soul and bless it with the consciousness of a present salvation. It is remarkable for the providential unfolding of its great ecclesiastical machinery, by which it has been able to propagate itself with unparalleled rapidity. It is remarkable for the wonderful men it raised up for its first necessities, the variety of talents and endowments which they brought to their work, and the heroism and self-sacrificing devotion by which they accomplished their mission. Another remarkable chapter is just now opened up for us by Dr. Stevens in his admirable Centenary volume, "The Women of Methodism."* Woman, too, has had her mission in this grand religious movement. Her wisdom has helped in its counsels, her zeal has aided in its propagation, and her gentle ministrations have given comfort and encouragement to the toil-worn heroes who were laying its foundations.

A noble tribute to her place in Methodism is paid to woman in this volume. The book is divided into three parts, the first treating of "Susanna Wesley and Wesleyan Methodism." Mrs. Wesley was long ago called "The Mother of Methodism," and the first chapter is of course devoted to her. It is an excellent delineation of one of the most remarkable women in Christian history. Mary Fletcher, one of the most holy of women, and her companions, Sarah Ryan, Sarah Crosby, and Sarah Lawrence, are the subjects of the second chapter. The third chapter sketches rapidly, but with great interest, a number of excellent women of English Methodism, among whom is the "young, beautiful, and well-educated widow, Grace Murray, who was dearer to Wesley than any other

* The Women of Methodism: Its Three Foundresses, Susanna Wesley, The Countess of Huntingdon, and Barbara Heck, etc. By Abel Stevens, LL. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

woman, to whom he fully gave his heart, and for whom, the disappointment of not consummating his affection by their marriage, left a trait of romantic sentiment and sadness on the history of his remarkable life." Part II is devoted to "Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and Calvinistic Methodism," and Part III to "Barbara Heck and American Methodism." The first chapter of this part gives a full history of the excellent woman to whom God gave the honor of giving the first impulse to the Methodism of America. The second chapter brings us to the point we wish to reach. It is entitled, "Asbury and his Female Friends." Here we find our "Cluster of Stars," and design to present to our readers three or four of these friends of the great Bishop, to give them a taste of this interesting book—believing that having once tasted, they will want the whole feast that is provided for them in this volume:

MARY WHITE.

The family of Judge White—which gave refuge to Asbury, and to not a few of his brethren, during these stormy times—was one of the most notable in the early days of Methodism. Like that of Gough, at Perry Hall; of Bassett, at Bohemia Manor; and of Barratt, at "Barratt's Chapel," Kent, its name continually recurs in the journals of Asbury, Coke, Garrettson, Abbott, and in other early Methodist publications. These memorable historical families, though associated with the highest social circles of their times, counted not their wealth nor their lives dear unto them, choosing rather to suffer persecution with the people of God.

Thomas White, "Chief Justice of the Common Pleas," had been an unexceptionable member of the English Church before he met with the Methodists. His wife, Mary White, was a lady of special excellence; devoted, charitable, strict in the religious education of her family, not omitting her numerous colored servants, to whom she carefully taught the Holy Scriptures. Hearing the Methodists preach, her devout heart recognized them as congenial Christians, and she reported them so favorably to her husband that he was induced to accompany her and their children to one of their appointments. The preachers were invited to his mansion, and it remained a "preaching-place" till the erection of White's Chapel. His wife not only led him to the Methodist communion, but became his best guide to heaven. She was a woman of rare talents, of remarkable but modest courage, and of fervent zeal. When he was seized by the military patrol she clung to him, defending him, and declaring to the ruffians, who

brandished their swords over her, that she feared them not, till, overpowered by their numbers, he was borne away. She soon followed them, found out the place of his confinement, and rested not till she effected his restoration to his family.

"On another sorrowful occasion," says a Methodist annalist, "when a drafted company of soldiers came by her house and halted, while the men were weeping on account of leaving their parents, wives, and sisters, and while wives and sisters were clinging to their husbands and brothers, telling by their gushing tears how deeply they felt as they were parting with them, fearing they should see them no more, Mrs. White kneeled down on the ground before them and offered up fervent prayers, mingling her tears with theirs for their temporal and eternal salvation; and when the Methodists were met for worship, if there were none present more suitable, she took up the cross, led the religious exercises, and met the class; and she would have gone further and preached if Asbury had encouraged her. That child of nature and of grace, Benjamin Abbott, was at Mr. White's in October, 1782; when about to start for quarterly meeting at Barratt's Chapel, he says, 'Mrs. White came to me as I sat on my horse, and took hold of my hand, exhorting me for some time. I felt very happy under her wholesome admonitions.' Thomas Ware says, 'She was a mother in Israel in very deed.' When her husband informed her that his end was nigh, she spent the last night in supplications for him, and with him exulted in victory as he entered into the joy of his Lord. She, like her husband, professed and exemplified the grace of perfect love. They were lovely in their lives, and in death were not long divided; she soon followed him to the 'better country.' Near by the old homestead the bricks that arched their graves, now sunk in the earth, mark the spot where their heaven-watched dust reposes, till they shall again appear in the bloom and beauty of immortality."

ANN BASSETT.

Richard Bassett, of Dover, Delaware, was a man of preëminence in the civil and social life of these times. He first met Asbury in his concealment at Judge White's residence. On a professional journey to Maryland, he called there to spend a night with his friend, the Judge. As a door in the house was opened he observed Asbury, with some other preachers, apparently retired in quiet conversation, and inquired of Mrs. White who "they were, dressed in sable garments and keeping themselves

aside?" "They are some of the best men in the world; they are Methodist preachers," replied the hostess. He was evidently disturbed by this intelligence, and observed, "Then I can not stay here to-night." "You must stay; they can not hurt you," rejoined the lady. Supper being ready, they all sat down at the table. Asbury had considerable conversation with Bassett, "by which he was convinced that Methodist preachers were not so ignorant or unsocial as to make them outcasts from civil society. On taking leave he invited Asbury, more from custom than desire, to call on him in case he visited Dover. When Bassett returned home and informed his wife that he had been in company with Methodist preachers, and had invited one of them to his house, she was greatly troubled; but was quieted when he told her, 'It is not likely that he will come.'" But some time later Bassett, while looking out of his window, saw the itinerant approaching. That evening Asbury charmed by his conversation a large circle at the tea-table, till late into the night; and for nearly twoscore years Richard Bassett was his unfailing friend.

Subsequently Asbury, on visiting the family, describes Bassett as "a very conversant and affectionate man, who, from his own acknowledgments, appears to be sick of sin. His wife is under great distress; she prays much." It was not long before she was rejoicing in the consolation of the Gospel, and her husband followed in her steps. They became zealous and exemplary Methodists. He "lived a bright example of holiness, and left the world praising God." He often preached, and was the chief founder of "Wesley Chapel," in Dover. They had three residences, one in Dover, one in Wilmington, and another at Bohemia Manor, a famous locality in the early Methodist annals, where Ann Bassett delighted to minister to the way-worn itinerants. All of them were favorite homes of the ministry, and scenes of early quarterly conferences and other extraordinary meetings. Bohemia Manor consisted of eighteen thousand acres, on the Bohemia and Elk Rivers. The family owned six thousand of the best of these acres. They had a famous "old log Bethesda Chapel" on the Manor, in which the greatest heroes of primitive Methodism sounded their trumpets. The mansion there was as noted a resort of Methodist preachers as Perry Hall on the western shore of Maryland; "it was seldom without some one of them, and often had a number of them together." The generous hostess received one of them, broken down with age and labor, as superintendent of the household. The neighboring

groves sometimes resounded with the melodies of Methodist camp meetings. The Manor became "famous for Methodism; in almost every family Methodists were found. Mrs. Bassett did not live many years; but while she lived she was a bright example of holiness, and left the world praising God."

PRUDENCE GOUGH.

Perry Hall is still more historical in the Church, if possible, than the White Mansion, as a home of Asbury and his itinerant associates; and its lady, Prudence Gough, gave it primarily its fame for Methodist hospitality, and maintained its enviable reputation to the last. No preachers' home is more frequently mentioned in our early literature. In the week before the memorable "Christmas Conference" of 1784 it sheltered Asbury, Coke, Whatcoat, Vasey, Black of Nova Scotia, and other eminent men, who prepared there the business of the Conference. The constitutional organization of American Methodism may be said to have been constructed under its roof.

Asbury's usefulness in the Baltimore circuit in 1775 had permanently important results. He gathered into the young societies not a few of those influential families whose opulence and social position gave material strength to Methodism through much of its early history in that city, while their exemplary devotion helped to maintain its primitive purity and power. Henry Dorsey Gough and his family were distinguished examples. Gough possessed a fortune in lands and money amounting to more than three hundred thousand dollars. He had married a daughter of Governor Ridgeley. His country residence—Perry Hall, about twelve miles from the city—was "one of the most spacious and elegant in America at that time." But he was an unhappy man in the midst of his luxury. His wife had been deeply impressed by the Methodist preaching, but he forbade her to hear it again. While he was reveling with wine and gay companions one evening, it was proposed that they should divert themselves by going together to a Methodist assembly. Asbury was the preacher, and no godless diversion could be found in his presence. "What nonsense," exclaimed one of the convivialists, as they returned, "what nonsense have we heard to-night!" "No," replied Gough, startling them with sudden surprise; "no, what we have heard is the truth, the truth as it is in Jesus." "I will never hinder you again from hearing the Methodists," he said as he entered his house and met his wife.

The impression of the sermon was so pro-

found that he could no longer enjoy his accustomed pleasures. He became deeply serious, and, at last, melancholy, "and was near destroying himself" under the awakened sense of his misspent life; but God mercifully preserved him. Riding to one of his plantations, he heard the voice of prayer and praise in a cabin, and, listening, discovered that a negro from a neighboring estate was leading the devotions of his own slaves, and offering fervent thanksgivings for the blessings of their depressed lot. His heart was touched, and with emotion he exclaimed, "Alas, O Lord! I have my thousands and tens of thousands, and yet, ungrateful wretch that I am, I never thanked thee, as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothes to put on, or food to satisfy his hunger." The luxurious master was taught a lesson, on the nature of true contentment and happiness, which he could never forget. His work-worn servants in their lowly cabins knew a blessedness which he had never found in his sumptuous mansion.

He returned home, pondering the mystery, with a distressed and contrite heart. He retired from his table, which was surrounded by a large company of his friends, and threw himself upon his knees in a chamber. While there, imploring the mercy of God, he received conscious pardon and peace. In a transport of joy he went to his company, exclaiming, "I have found the Methodists' blessing, I have found the Methodists' God!" Both he and his wife now became members of the Methodist society, and Perry Hall was henceforth the chief asylum of the itinerants in the Middle States, and a "preaching-place."

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ELEANOR DORSEY.

Eleanor Dorsey, wife of Judge Dorsey, was a heroine of the Church of those early times, and one of the friends of Asbury, her house being his home, and the shelter of many other itinerants. The family moved as early as 1801 to Lyons, New York, where she died, at the age of seventy years, leaving a fragrant memory in the Church. "Her Christian life," says one who well knew her, "had been such that her hope grew brighter under great trials and afflictions. She possessed a strong mind, well stored with useful knowledge, and a faculty to communicate her knowledge to others. She had made herself acquainted with the peculiarities of Methodism, and one would suppose by conversing with her that she had a perfect history of the Church to which she belonged. While she lived in Maryland she formed an acquaintance with several of the first Methodist ministers. Asbury was a warm friend to the family. Her house was a home for the preachers from the time she became a member of the Church; and when a preacher called on her, he was favored with a warm reception, and hailed with a smile. The Genesee Annual Conference held its sessions no less than three times at her house, and she has been known to entertain thirty preachers during its session. The first Conference held in Western New York was in her dwelling, in the year 1810. She taught her children, while they were in early life, the principles of our holy religion, and had the pleasure of seeing them all happily converted to God. When informed by her physician that she could

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survive but a short time, such was her uncommon strength of mind and confidence in the God of all grace, that, without the least embarrassment or excitement, she arranged all her temporal affairs, made choice of the minister to preach her funeral sermon, and selected for a text Rev. xiv, 13. She then addressed herself to all who were present in a plain but friendly and affectionate manner, and closed her remarks by saying: 'This is the brightest, the happiest day I ever saw: I thank the Lord, now I know that the religion I have professed for so many years is no fiction. No, bless the Lord, it makes me happy in this trying hour. My work is done, my sky is clear. Glory to God! Jesus died for me.'"

MRS. GENERAL RUSSELL.

Asbury found one of his best female friends and wayside homes, where he most needed and most prized them, among the rugged mountains of the Holston country, when, in the last century, he used to climb those heights, sometimes guarded by convoys of armed men to protect him from the Indians, for the Methodist pioneer itinerants kept pace with the movement of early emigration. The most romantic passages of his journals are his brief records of his adventures among the Alleghanies, and often at the close of weary days does he write in log-cabins that so many miles yet remain before he can reach "General Russell's," his longed-for resting-place. The first Methodist Conference beyond the Alleghanies is usually supposed to have been held at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of July, 1788; but a session was held in the Holston country as early as the second week of the previous May. Rev. Thomas Ware, who was present, gives some information of the memorable occasion, including interesting references to the Russell family. "As the road by which Bishop Asbury was to come was," he says, "infested with hostile savages, so that it could not be traveled except by considerable companies, he was detained for a week after the time appointed to commence the session. But we were not idle; and the Lord gave us many souls in the place where we were assembled, among whom were General Russell and lady, the latter a sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry. I mention these particulars, because they were the first-fruits of our labors at this Conference. On the Sabbath we had a crowded audience, and Tunnell preached an excellent sermon, which produced great effect. His discourse was followed by a number of powerful exhortations. When the meeting closed Mrs. Russell came to me and said, 'I thought

found that he could no longer enjoy his accustomed pleasures. He became deeply serious, and, at last, melancholy, "and was near destroying himself" under the awakened sense of his misspent life; but God mercifully preserved him. Riding to one of his plantations, he heard the voice of prayer and praise in a cabin, and, listening, discovered that a negro from a neighboring estate was leading the devotions of his own slaves, and offering fervent thanksgivings for the blessings of their depressed lot. His heart was touched, and with emotion he exclaimed, "Alas, O Lord! I have my thousands and tens of thousands, and yet, ungrateful wretch that I am, I never thanked thee, as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothes to put on, or food to satisfy his hunger." The luxurious master was taught a lesson, on the nature of true contentment and happiness, which he could never forget. His work-worn servants in their lowly cabins knew a blessedness which he had never found in his sumptuous mansion.

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survive but a short time, such was her uncommon strength of mind and confidence in the God of all grace, that, without the least embarrassment or excitement, she arranged all her temporal affairs, made choice of the minister to preach her funeral sermon, and selected for a text Rev. xiv, 13. She then addressed herself to all who were present in a plain but friendly and affectionate manner, and closed her remarks by saying: 'This is the brightest, the happiest day I ever saw: I thank the Lord, now I know that the religion I have professed for so many years is no fiction. No, bless the Lord, it makes me happy in this trying hour. My work is done, my sky is clear. Glory to God! Jesus died for me.'"

MRS. GENERAL RUSSELL.

Asbury found one of his best female friends and wayside homes, where he most needed and most prized them, among the rugged mountains of the Holston country, when, in the last century, he used to climb those heights, sometimes guarded by convoys of armed men to protect him from the Indians, for the Methodist pioneer itinerants kept pace with the movement of early emigration. The most romantic passages of his journals are his brief records of his adventures among the Alleghanies, and often at the close of weary days does he write in log-cabins that so many miles yet remain before he can reach "General Russell's," his longed-for resting-place. The first Methodist Conference beyond the Alleghanies is usually supposed to have been held at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of July, 1788; but a session was held in the Holston country as early as the second week of the previous May. Rev. Thomas Ware, who was present, gives some information of the memorable occasion, including interesting references to the Russell family. "As the road by which Bishop Asbury was to come was," he says, "infested with hostile savages, so that it could not be traveled except by considerable companies, he was detained for a week after the time appointed to commence the session. But we were not idle; and the Lord gave us many souls in the place where we were assembled, among whom were General Russell and lady, the latter a sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry. I mention these particulars, because they were the first-fruits of our labors at this Conference. On the Sabbath we had a crowded audience, and Tunnell preached an excellent sermon, which produced great effect. His discourse was followed by a number of powerful exhortations. When the meeting closed Mrs. Russell came to me and said, 'I thought

I was a Christian; but, sir, I am not a Christian—I am the veriest sinner upon earth. I want you and Mr. Mastin to come with Mr. Tunnell to our house and pray for us, and tell what we must do to be saved.' So we went, and spent much of the afternoon in prayer, especially for Mrs. Russell. But she did not obtain comfort. Being much exhausted, the preachers retired to a pleasant grove, near at hand, to spend a short time. On returning to the house we found Mrs. Russell praising the Lord, and the General walking the floor and weeping bitterly. He had been reading to her one of Fletcher's works. At length he sat down quite exhausted. This scene was in a high degree interesting to us. To see the old soldier and statesman, the proud opposer of godliness, trembling, and earnestly inquiring what he must do to be saved, was an affecting sight. But the work ended not here. The conversion of Mrs. Russell, whose zeal, good sense, and amiableness of character were proverbial, together with the penitential grief so conspicuous in the General, made a deep impression on the minds of many, and numbers were brought in before the Conference closed. The General rested not till he knew his adoption; and he continued a faithful and an official member of the Church, constantly adorning the doctrine of God our Savior unto the end of his life." No name is recorded, in the biographies of the pioneer itinerants among these mountains, with more grateful affection than that of General Russell. His house was long their refuge, and Asbury always entered it with delight.

Asbury speaks of them, in 1788, as "a most kind family in deed and truth." In 1792 he writes: "I came to sister Russell's; I am very solemn. I feel the want of the dear man who, I trust, is now in Abraham's bosom, and hope erelong to see him there. He was a general officer in the continental army, where he underwent great fatigue: he was powerfully brought to God, and for a few years past was a living flame, and a blessing to his neighborhood. He went in the dead of Winter on a visit to his friends, was seized with an influenza, and ended his life from home: O that the Gospel may continue in this house! I preached on Heb. xii, 1-4, and there followed several exhortations. We then administered the sacrament, and there was weeping and shouting among the people: our exercises lasted about five hours."

Such scenes often occurred there, for Mrs. Russell kept her mansion always open, not only for the shelter of the wayworn itinerants, but

as a sanctuary for the mountaineer settlers who flocked thither from miles around to hear the Gospel. Her home was a light-house shining afar among the Alleghanies.

SONG OF THE WEARY.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O, MY heart is sad and weary,
Fainting 'neath its heavy load,
And my bruised feet falter often
As they tread life's rugged road.

Night winds wail and mildews riot
Where earth's rarest roses bloomed,
And with folded hands life's idols,
One by one, have been entombed.

O'er my head the tempests gather,
And the lightning's eyelids part;
While I walk amid the shadows
With a tired and heavy heart.

Few and faint the stars whose gleaming
Lifts the veil from night's dark dome,
Few, yet sweet, the voices breathing
Blessings on my earthly home.

Yet I may not—must not linger,
Till the destined race is run;
Till th' appointed course is finished,
And the victor's goal is won.

Then, O then, 't will be the sweeter
Resting when the contest 's o'er;
And the morning will be brighter
For the stormy night before.

HEROES.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

EACH hath his God-appointed task,
A work to tax his strongest powers;
It well behooves us that we ask
Our souls the question, What of ours?

Those who the path of duty tread,
Each task performing, calm, sublime,
Are worthy as the laurel'd head
Enshrined in many a niche of time.

Short-lived are those heroic men
Who quick perform the labor given;
Why should they live three score and ten,
Whose work is done at thirty-seven?

They who have wings that they may fly,
Yet trudge along the dusty road,
Are those who slight their talents high,
The gifts intrusted them by God.

These are the heroes, then, whose task
Draws out their strongest, noblest powers;
It well behooves us that we ask
Our souls the question, What of ours?

VENICE.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

OUR entrance into Italy was from the north-east, by the Austrian railroad between Vienna and Trieste. Several hours before reaching the latter city, we passed a region well fitted, by its terrible desolation and barrenness, to render our transition from the Winter of North Germany to the budding Spring of the South, striking and agreeable. I speak of the *Carst*, a plateau of bleak, angular rocks, in which there is scarcely room or soil for the hardiest shrub, and through which, at times, a north-east wind, the *Bora*, sweeps with such fury as to overturn the most heavily-laden wagons. Our first fair view of the Adriatic was at Nabresina. For many stations past, the harsh consonants and gutturals of the North had been giving place to more gentle dialects; and now we were in an atmosphere every-where resonant with the melody of the Italian. The train passed now a few miles eastward on the sea-shore, at the foot of vine-clad hills, giving us a fine view of *Miramar*, the beautiful blossom-embowered pleasure palace of Archduke Maximilian, at present in Mexico, and finally deposited us in the hands of the cab-drivers of Trieste. These gentlemen pounce upon you as if you were their legitimate prey; and he who has the least knowledge of their language is last to get free from them.

This town Trieste, with over sixty-five thousand Catholic population, the *Terzeste* of the Romans, the former capital of Illyria, at present the chief seaport of Austria, and the gate of a rich stream of commerce, is not without intrinsic interest. Its population—the citizens, the peasantry, from many surrounding sections, which overflow its market-places, and the numerous mariners from all nations—presents a curious medley of sharply-contrasting dialects and costumes. From the front of the cathedral, in the older part of the city, on the hill-side, one has a fine view of the commercial life of the port, the good supply of shipping, and the broad bosom of the sea beyond. We looked at the sights of Trieste, among them the church of St. Just, parts of which date from the sixth century, and the just completing splendid Greek church, took a little repose and embarked at midnight, in a fine steamer of the Austrian Lloyd, for Venice.

At break of day the stars were sparkling in a chilly sky, a brisk breeze was facing us, and the blue waters of the Gulf of Venice filled the horizon, except at the north, where the main-

land was dimly visible. A few minutes later and an angular speck appeared on the distant water-surface. This was the tower of St. Mark's. It soon became the central point of the attention of all except natives. We watched its square columnar mass as it emerged from the waters, but sought in vain to distinguish the church of which it is a part from the adjacent buildings. By this time the broad face of the sun was glaring on the sea surface behind us, tinting with red the light clouds of the west, and profusely lavishing its rays on the dazzling steeples of the *quondam* Queen of the Adriatic. To enter Venice from sea, by a bright sunrise, with just clouds enough to form a background to the picture, is glory enough for one day!

Our vessel entered by the main port, the *Lido*, and, after several gyrations among the smaller islands, finally cast anchor in the middle of the *Grand Canal*, opposite the *Piazzetta* of St. Mark. It had no sooner come to a stand than it was surrounded and besieged by swarms of gondolas, with their clamorous gondoliers. It was curious to see the earnestness with which they attached themselves to every hesitating stranger. Had the good ship been on fire they could not have been more anxious to assist the passengers to the safe terra firma of Venice.

Desiring to remain some time, we sought and readily obtained furnished apartments, in a pleasant quarter near the *Rialto* bridge. Our host and hostess are the most charming of people, devoutly Catholic, and have spared no pains to make us feel comfortably and at home. From this center we have made our daily excursions in every direction, in our attempts to form some sort of acquaintance with this strange old city of the sea.

Whether it was under the guidance of a kind Providence or not, that in the year 421 the *Veneti*, who had taken refuge from the cruelty of the northern barbarians in the marshy islands of the sea, had become so far reconciled to their seemingly-uninhabitable retreat as to conclude to make it their permanent home, and commenced the building of a church—at any rate they formed a city whose situation may well be said to be beautiful, and whose history has had few rivals in prosperity and glory. After maintaining its place of independence among the nations of the world for more than a thousand years, it finally lost this boon under the supremacy of Napoleon in 1797, and has since occupied the place of a conquered city in the hands of Austria. At the height of its prosperity, in the fifteenth century, it numbered over two hundred thousand souls, and was the home of the arts, and the center of the commerce of the globe. At the

time of her fall her population was less than half this number, but it has recently considerably increased.

Of the topography of Venice it is unnecessary to speak. It is situated, as is well known, on three large and many smaller islands, near the mouth of the Brenta, and is protected and surrounded by *lagunes* or swamps. The city lies chiefly on two islands, which are separated only by the S-shaped windings of the Grand Canal. The shores of these islands are formed of walls of solid masonry; and the city, though built at first on swamps, has all the appearance of the solidity of a location on the plains of a continent. In fact, there is in Venice, though it is all the work of art, much greater plentifulness of stone in pavements and edifices, than in Berlin. It is a mistake to suppose that Venice is without streets; it is true that passage between distant parts of the city is made chiefly by the gondolas; but for all minor purposes, for such for which people in other cities do not resort to omnibuses or street cars, the Venetians make use of their streets. These streets are of many varieties. Some are as large and straight as those usual in other older cities. But the majority are only eight feet wide, and a great many of them less than four. Besides, it is rarely that one of them extends so far as one hundred yards in one direction. They are, in fact, nothing more than little alleys between the walls of the buildings. Despite their narrowness they are full of life, and, at times, crowded with streams of pedestrians. It is diverting to see the crowds encountering each other in these narrow passages on a rainy day. It is with difficulty if a large umbrella is borne through at all; but when streams of people meet, each with his rain-guard, there occurs an unpleasant dodging and friction, and closing of umbrellas; those who are tallest, however, have a manifest advantage, and are able to bear theirs high above the heads of the inferior crowd. Among the streets there are some general courses which lead pretty directly from one part of the city to another. The main difficulty for the stranger is, that no passage bears the same name for more than about a hundred yards; he can not remember a thousand names, and, therefore, the streets are, for him, about as good as without name.

The public squares and market-places of Venice are in good proportion to the size of its streets. They are mere open spaces of a few rods square. There are, however, a few public airing places of respectable proportions. One of the finest of these is the *Public Gardens*, occupying the extreme eastern point of the city,

and commanding the pure sea breeze, and a fine view of the shipping, islands, and turrets of Venice. They were established by Napoleon in 1807, and are neatly kept, and are planted in rows of Southern shrubbery. From this position, when the sky is clear, one has a fine sight of the close of the day as the sun descends between the towers of *San Giorgio*, *Maggiore*, and *San Marco*. These public squares are used on Sabbath afternoon and on other days in a way not common in Protestant cities. They are filled with lazy, unkempt, laughing crowds, who are intent on the drolleries of a mock comedy, a monkey-show, or the gymnastics of mountebanks.

The bright central point of Venice is the Piazza of St. Mark, and the masterpieces of architecture which cluster around it; and after this comes the *Broadway* of the city; namely, the Grand Canal, with the numerous historic palaces which line its shores. To see these one must take a gondola. We started from the Piazza an hour or so before sunset. The motion of these light barks is steady, and slow enough to give one a fine chance to study the gray old monuments as they pass by. The gondoliers are talkative, and take great delight in letting their bark stand still, and expatiating on the tragic scenes which have transpired in this or that old dungeon or passing palace. The winding shores of the more than two miles of extent of the *Canal* present more than fifty buildings, which architects have deemed worthy of particular study. They date mostly from the fifteenth century, and present generally the round arch, though now and then the slightly-pointed arch also, marking the transition to the Gothic. Among the curiosities along the *Canal* is a place which is designated as the house of Desdemona. Near the center of the city one passes under the *Ponte di Rialto*. This is the only free passage over the *Canal*. It is a splendid structure of solid marble, and consists of a single arch, whose opening is seventy feet in width, and thirty in height. It is the scene of great life. At every hour of the day dense streams of population are floating over it. It is so wide that two series of gay shops flank its whole extent. But we will dismiss our pleasant gondolier and return to St. Mark's. The *Piazza* is a small marble-paved public square, and is surrounded on all sides by historic buildings. The palaces on the north and south sides were formerly the homes of the proud officers of the Republic. They are joined on the west side by a building in a similar style, which Napoleon caused to be erected on the ruins of a church in 1810. These three sides of the *Piazza* are

lined with one continuous arcade, beneath which, from the hours of eight to twelve in the evening, the *élite* of Venice assemble for purposes of sociability and refreshment. A walk, at these hours, on a moonlight evening, through these arcades, presents more of the brilliancy of Venice, than one would elsewhere see in many weeks.

But the most historical of the buildings which are grouped around the *Piazza*, is the *Ducal Palace*. It was founded in the year 800, but has been often renovated or entirely rebuilt. The present palace is from the fourteenth century, and is of a rich, Moorish Gothic style. Two of its façades present superposed arcades of excessive richness of structure. The Palace surrounds an ample rectangular court, within the galleries of which stands, open for the public, a long series of modern busts of the chief literary and political dignitaries of Venetian history. The points of historic interest which the outside of the Palace presents, are, on the west, two red marble columns, in the second arcade, between which the death sentences of the court of the Republic were formerly proclaimed; and on the east the Bridge of Sighs, immortal in song, which conducts from the Palace to the notorious prison, within whose gloomy cells so many, both of innocent and guilty, were in former ages cruelly incarcerated. The interior is now occupied chiefly by museums of historic and art treasures of Venetian history. The largest wall, *Sala del Maggior Consiglio*—in which, in the palmy days of the Republic, sat in deliberation the governing nobles, whose names were written in the golden book—contains a library, very rich in rare manuscripts, and a series of magnificent frescoes by Venetian masters, most of them representing the bright events in the history of the Republic. On the frieze may be seen the succession of Doges, from *Participatio*, who died in 827, to the last one, *Manin*, who resigned his authority in 1797. Very interesting among the large paintings is one in which Pope Alexander III is represented as giving to the Doge *Ziani* various presents in reward for the aid he had rendered the Church against the Emperor Barbarossa. Among the presents is a ring, symbolizing the supremacy of Venice over the Adriatic, to which the Pope desired that the Doge should once a year be solemnly married. But details would be endless.

The pride of Venice occupies the east side of the *Piazza*—the church of St. Mark. It is a basilica of Byzantine style, dating from the tenth century, though its façade was finished four centuries later, and provided with early

Gothic features. Of later construction still are the fine cupolas, and the grand mosaics, in the semicircular gables. Above the main portal stand the four famous gilded bronze horses—works of art from the age of Nero—which Constantine removed from Rome to his eastern capitals, and which were brought to Venice in 1204 by the Doge *Dandolo*. In Napoleon's time they spent fifteen years in Paris. The general impression produced by the exterior of St. Mark's is picturesque rather than grand. The variety of style, the richness of detail, and the multiplicity of points of interest, prevent or destroy the feeling of unity. With the interior of the church this is still more so. It consists of so many compartments, open and closed chapels, and other nameless convolutions, that one is almost at a loss to decide which is really the principal part of the church. The true merit of the whole, both within and without, lies in the exceeding richness and beauty of the details. As an indication of the multiplicity of ornament might be cited the facts, that five hundred marble columns are found in the various parts of the *basilica*, and that the rich mosaics, with their golden ground, cover at least forty thousand square feet of surface.

It is very gratifying to the stranger that the gates of this temple are never shut. From early dawn till darkness they stand wide open, and welcome, to the altar of God, the feet of the weary and devout. The welcome is not in vain; enter at what hour you will and you find always a few, but generally many scores of kneeling worshippers. Also, it is rarely the case that, at some of the altars, a priest is not performing his rites. It is very wearying, however, to listen to his mummeries. To the Catholic it is otherwise—to him the liturgy is the main part of worship, and the sermon a matter of little interest. I heard the Sabbath sermon in St. Mark's. Though delivered by one of the chief prelates of the city, it was thinly attended. The style of the preacher was very animated, and bordered on the dramatic. It was declamatory, and had no trace of that essential element of a sermon which is expressed by the word *unction*. The preacher closed with an eloquent eulogy and invocation of St. Mark, the patron of the church and the city.

By the way, it is claimed that this church possesses the veritable bones of St. Mark, and that they repose under the high altar. It possesses other relics of about equal credibility, such as a crystal vase with the blood of the Savior, a piece of the skull of John the Baptist, and the episcopal chair of St. Mark.

The *campanile* or tower of the church is a

square column of brick three hundred and four feet in height, and stands on the Piazza, solitary and alone. From its summit one has, on a fine day, an excellent view of the city, islands, and lagunes, and, to the west, the distant outline of the Alps; while to the east, across the Adriatic, the mountains of Istria are discoverable.

But the things to be seen in Venice are poorly to be described in a single letter, and I might as well close here as after further writing. I shall ever remember my sojourn in Venice as golden days.

CHARACTER ON TRIAL.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

CHARACTER, in all moral intelligences, is under the law of probation. The crucial test is necessary to determine its true moral cast and fix its actual worth. Moral excellence without the subjection of the same to trial is not even conceptually possible to the mind. Involving the right inward principle and its answering outward expression in human character, virtue is an achievement in a moral conflict, a triumph where there might have been a defeat; or it is not virtue, and hence deserves no reward. Inseparable from excellence in character is the idea of a contest and a victory. If otherwise, being a necessity in the sense of arbitrary necessitation and not a voluntary choice, it would possess no noble or virtuous element, and, therefore, it would not be a virtue to be good, nor the opposite to be vicious in character. On any other principle than that of the necessary trial of character in the evolverment of his welfare and destiny, man, as Cowper fitly says,

"With naught in charge could betray no trust,
And if he fell, would fall because he must;
If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike."

As this question is fully settled in the ethics of the Bible, let us consider for a moment

1. *Character on trial and failing in the trial.* Created intelligences in heaven no more than mortals on earth are independent of the probational law. The celestials hold their place in glory and blessedness by no necessitated or constrained holiness, otherwise Jehovah could have no pleasure in their presence and services. Even in heaven

"Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?"

Character was first tried in heaven among the angels, and the result was that a large portion, by some supposed to be one-third of the angelic community, fell from their lofty abode to perdition. Apollyon and his consorts in evil fell in the trial, and fell, too, where they might have stood in purity, dignity, and bliss. If not, why did not the residue of the angelic host likewise fall? Under the same probational law Michael might have sinned as did Lucifer, and like him have been hurled from an archangel's seat in glory to hell as the result. Was there a necessity apart from his own will on the one hand, and his rectitude and purity on the other to hold his place while the latter was free to unparadise his condition and destiny by sin? Assuredly not. Both were under the same law, and the only difference between them was, that the one *kept* and the other "kept not his first estate." Lapsing from holiness into sin at their own voluntary account, and this, too, in the presence of myriads of angels and archangels, who maintained unsullied their purity and honor, was the ruin of the fallen celestials. "God spared not the angels that *sinned*, but cast them down to hell," exclaims St. Peter, as he connects their punishment with their guilt.

"Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall;
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them
Who failed; freely they stood who stood,
And fell who fell."

Our first parents in Paradise furnish another impressive instance of the trial of character, and of fall in the trial. Created in the Divine image and likeness, and thus made equal to the perpetuation of their high moral perfection, glory, and bliss, they were tested by the probational law, and, sad for our race, fell from their first estate by transgression. That they need not have fallen in the trial, follows from the fact they were specifically commanded not to "eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," being assured that in the day they ate thereof they should surely die. Forewarned and thus forearmed, they fell at their own cost. To assume that they were compelled to eat of the forbidden fruit, is to assume that the Creator commanded them to abstain from what he himself had made impossible, which is the gravest possible impeachment of the Divine character. Concerning the perfect moral freedom of our first parents, Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, represents Jehovah as saying:

"I formed them free, and free they must remain,
Till they intrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,

Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
Their freedom; they themselves ordained their fall."

We might extend the range of the subject in the light we have been considering it, but we propose briefly to notice its opposite phase:

2. *Character on trial and standing in the trial.* The Bible presents not a few glorious examples of the triumph of moral character in severe trial. All its great model characters passed through the crucible on their way to spiritual perfection and heaven. Like their Lord, whose own spotless character was approved by the crucial test, they were "made perfect through suffering." But to glance at a few examples which have been given for our encouragement and imitation, look at the moral peerlessness of Abraham's character when tried on the altar of his parental affections. Required to offer up his son Isaac as a burnt sacrifice—and this, too, most strangely after the Divine promise, that Isaac's seed were to be as the stars of heaven for multitude, had been given—with what unquestioning faith and sublime fidelity does he move on in this most trying of all trials to his appointed task! And how nobly his character comes out of the trial when the angel of God interposes between the uplifted knife and the helpless victim, and assures him that his faith is approved of God, and that the lad could go free! The triumph of Abraham's character in this severe conflict but represents the lifelong faith, obedience, and purity which won in life's probation immortality and heaven. Hardly less grandly did Moses conquer when empire, riches, and worldly renown all combined as motives to seduce him from rectitude and duty; and when, spurning with contempt the price offered for his character, he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Tested in every possible way in a life marked by its vicissitudes, experiences, labors, and events, this eminent saint of God never wavered in his fidelity to heaven and duty; and as the result gained at death what was never out of his thought in life, "the recompense of the reward." One case more.

Behold the venerable patriarch Job in the fiery crucible—his property destroyed, his children smitten by death, and himself the subject of bodily affliction, such as mortal never before suffered; and you have a trial of moral character to which that of Adam and Eve in Paradise bears no comparison. And yet while they fell in the lesser trial, he in the greater maintains his integrity, proving alike to Satan and man

the sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain its subject, and yield victory under the most trying of all human conditions. In the darkest hour of his trial, and when even the hand of the Almighty seemed uplifted to smite and destroy him, he exclaims in the unquestioning grandeur of his faith in God, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." No marvel that he conquered; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." The successful issue in Job's case demonstrates that trial but purifies and strengthens the true soul—that faith can conquer any lot or condition in man's probational career.

Character must be tried, reader; but, as we have seen, it may win in the trial. Oppositions and difficulties in the way to holiness and heaven is the divine order in the moral world; but these to the true heart tend only to the development of its higher spiritual energies, and the deeper and nobler experiences of Christianity. The oak of the forest is all the stronger and statelier, because it has successfully breasted the tempest and the storm. How inspiring, too, the motive to conquer, as we may, in this great probational life-struggle! What grand issues await our success! The goal is heaven, the prize eternal life. Shall we reach the goal, reader? Shall we gain the prize of approved moral character at the end of our probation? Suggestive, solemn thought! The question will ere long be decided forever; and what we are now in character, and what we are now doing in the moral realm, will greatly affect this decision, so momentous and final in its results to us. May it be, as Heaven would have it, even in the words of the Son of man, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

IF people are to live happily together, they must not fancy because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is a great thing to be assured of in social knowledge; it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them at all points, but are vexed at not being able to

drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars? why this difference? why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For instance: not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticisms upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judge's patents for themselves, is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we can not call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say to strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value, than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly to your associates—but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were alluded to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things

hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, molding the one and expressing the other.

Every body must have known really good people, with all Christian temper, but having so little Christian prudence as to do a great deal of mischief in society.

PRINCIPLES OF HOME EDUCATION.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF AMY HERBERT.

RULES for children; principles for adults. Is there any axiom more true? May we not also ask, Is there any axiom more neglected?

Let us inquire of those who are commissioned for a time to take the place of parents—tutors and governesses—what is the frequent complaint made against the young people approaching to manhood and womanhood who are committed to their charge. Is it not that they fail in obedience, dutifulness, and respect to their parents? And what is too often the regret, the sorrow—we will not call it complaint—of these young persons when they speak of their parents? Is it not that, as the expression is, they can not get on with them—they are afraid of them—they think them fidgety, interfering, particular? It may seem a very hard thing to say, for there is no ideal to which the world clings more tenaciously than to that of the reciprocal affection and duty between parents and children—most especially between mothers and daughters. Every young mother believes that her little girl will grow up to be her cherished companion, and friend, and comfort, not because she is educated rightly, but simply because she is her daughter; and every child dreams of a mother who is to be its visible guardian angel, not because she is wise, and just, and tender, but because, in the imagination of a child, the office of such a visible guardian angel necessarily belongs to its mother.

To say that the existence of this hallowed affection can ever be a mere dream of the imagination will be at once to raise an outcry of surprise and indignation. In asserting such a possibility, it may be said, we put aside the fact that the relation between a mother and her child is recognized as sacred by God, and deny the evident intentions of his providence.

*Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation. By the author of "Amy Herbert." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If a mother's love and a child's grateful duty are not realities of natural affection, where can we look for any thing on which in this disappointing world our yearning hearts may rest? The love between a mother and child is, indeed, most sacred. God forbid that we should not think it so! It is the manifest intention of Providence that in every case it should exist. It would be folly to deny it. But there are many other things with regard to which the intention is evident—so evident, indeed, that it is impossible for any reasoning being to doubt it—while yet the failures are far more numerous than the fulfillment. Mankind are intended to be happy and healthy; but misery and sickness are the portion of nine-tenths of the human race.

Man's will, man's folly are allowed in a very awful manner to mar the merciful intentions of Providence; and, perhaps, in no way do they work more fatally than in the relation between parents and children.

"My little one is such a darling I can not help spoiling it!" The words sound almost sweet when uttered by a young mother. They speak of love, self-sacrifice, tenderness, yet are they the most cruel words which could ever escape her lips.

Not help spoiling it! Then she can not help disobeying the positive injunction of God, neglecting the example he has himself given. She can not help laying up in store for her child sin and sin's punishment; in this world, bitter regret, suffering, shame—it may be remorse, which shall never be repentance; and in the world to come—? If it were permitted us to question the unhappy ones for whom even a Redeemer's love is unavailing, how many, do we think, might be numbered among them, who were once—spoiled children? Rules for children—strict rules! We can not say it to ourselves too often. Not severe rules, not given—that were a most grievous mistake—with any severity of manner; but definite rules, on the infraction of which punishment shall instantly be inflicted. The first of the Israelites, in the wilderness, who broke the rigid law of the Sabbath, died for his offense. God was then teaching a nation of children. When he afterward gave his command to the intelligent world, the Redeemer proclaimed the abrogation of the external rule, and declared that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

This brings us to the second part of the axiom—Principles for adults.

What do we see, in the present day, with regard to its application to young persons?

It will, perhaps, be said, it does not concern

them. They are not adults. True, but they are rapidly becoming such. The precise age when a youth becomes morally a man, or a young girl a woman, it may be difficult to determine. It will vary according to character. But no one will say that young people of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen are, strictly speaking, children, or can wisely be treated as such. And, perhaps, no one actually professes to do so. The theory is, that as the mind enlarges, the judgment may be left more free. A right theory, consistent with common-sense, and—as we have pointed out—with the dealings of God with man. But when we come to practice what do we find? These children, such darlings that it was impossible not to spoil them—are they darlings still? They can no longer be taken into their mother's lap and fondled and coaxed. Their fits of infantine passion have become settled ill temper. Their petty willfulness has been trained into disobedience. Their shyness and timidity have been carefully nursed into vanity and affectation. Their childish whims have been converted into selfishness. What is to be done with a disobedient, vain, affected, selfish, ill-tempered girl of, we will say, fifteen? Talk to her of principles; she has no notion of what you mean. Principles are understood by their application. Their meaning is to be learned by degrees—by the help of rules and examples. There is no royal road for instruction in principles, any more than for instruction in any other branch of learning; and, as the young girl has the mind of a child, she must, it is supposed, be treated accordingly. She is placed, therefore, under a strict governess; she is watched, scolded, punished, debarred from amusement, and taught to look upon herself as hopelessly wicked, and, in consequence, forced back upon the solitude of her own heart; and, meeting with no sympathy, she naturally shelters herself under a reserve, which is considered only another symptom of a cold heart. At length, considered totally unmanageable, she is sent away from home. If in this new sphere a better life should dawn upon her, will it not, probably, be years before her affections can be drawn toward the mother who so miserably spoiled her in childhood, and so hopelessly misunderstood her in youth?

Or, take another instance, not uncommon. We will suppose a child not to have been so utterly spoiled, but only over-petted, taught to think much of herself, to put herself forward, to give her opinion unasked, to be, in fact, conceited and willful. These faults will assuredly not decrease as years advance. What we are apt to call conceit and willfulness is often only

the natural result of a too rapid growth of the intellectual as compared with the moral powers. Minds outgrow their strength just as bodies do.

A clever girl, or even one who is not exactly clever, but who has been brought forward and allowed to act and speak at twelve as if she were twenty, will naturally at fifteen or sixteen form opinions of her own, and think herself competent to decide upon all questions with which she is or is not concerned. And this is very unpleasant to a parent. Little children, if forward and disagreeable, can be sent up into the nursery and put out of sight, but a forward girl is an offense to a mother's vanity. She must be spoken to sharply—snubbed, as it is called; and the young lady is very quick to discern what snubbing means, and to resent it. So she becomes disobedient and disrespectful, and the mother talks to her of duty, and obedience, and self-control, and, finding her words unavailing, becomes angry, and loses the respect of her child, and then follows a *scene*; and the gulf between the parent and the child, which has long been slowly opening, becomes wider, perhaps so wide that it can never thoroughly close again. Who is to blame? The daughter, surely! She is no longer a baby. She is quite aware that she ought to obey and be respectful to her mother, and she has sense enough to see that her mother has right on her side. She ought to understand acting upon principle. Yes, indeed, she ought; she has arrived at the right age; but then whose duty was it to teach her to apply principle? Who ought in childhood to have educated her by rules based upon principle, and through them to have led her childish mind to the comprehension of the principle itself?

Let the fallow ground be first furrowed by careful and well-observed rules, and in those furrows we may drop the seeds of principles with the certainty that they will produce a good and a plentiful crop; but if we allow the ground to become hard and clotted we may cast our principles upon it, but we must look to their being borne away upon the winds.

Or, once more. We will suppose a child to have been well and carefully brought up, made to obey, checked when forward, taught to be considerate and respectful, and then to have arrived at the age when reason and thought begin to develop themselves. A strong will, a clear intellect, and acute observation are perhaps exhibited early, and the mother recognizes the fact with pride. But the habit of rule is strong within her. She likes power—she has the self-confidence resulting from success. Her child is so charming; it is evident that the

education has so far been successful, and how, then, can rules be laid aside? The young girl is so young she must make mistakes; her mother must know best what is good for her. And the thought of having a heart simple, unstained by the world, absolutely dependent upon one, is so very tempting both to affection and to vanity! The mother, therefore, continues her supervision. She expects to know every thought of her young daughter's mind, as in the days when the little child prattled at her knee. She thinks it right to be acquainted with every thing connected with her correspondence and her young friendships. Conversations must be repeated, letters must be read; and in order to insure this rules must be laid down. But the rules are irksome, simply because they are rules. The daughter has no friendship which her mother would disapprove. She neither writes nor receives letters of which she is ashamed; but she detests supervision. And she is beginning to differ from her mother upon some abstract points. She has opinions, tastes of her own, and she wants to express them freely. It would seem disrespectful, and it would certainly be painful to state these opinions to her mother, because she knows that they are supposed always to be of one mind; so she longs to write and speak to others—to have the pleasure of thinking, and perhaps, in some cases, acting independently. But these rules, these restraints and limitations, meet her at every turn. It is grievous to say, but her mother, good and excellent though she may be, is gradually assuming the character of a warder set over her, to watch that she does not escape from prison. Not that she really desires to escape, only she would like to feel that she might do so.

This is by no means an uncommon case, and it may be met with not only when girls are young, but when they are past what may be called youth, and yet are inmates of their mother's home. To govern adults, or those approaching to the age, by rules is to ignore the first principles of reason and utterly to destroy the happiness of domestic intercourse. When persons have reached what are called years of discretion, freedom is as essential to their moral as air is to their physical strength.

It is not, however, to be supposed that what has been here said implies that at any fixed age, such as fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, or at any precise subsequent period, government by rules may be laid aside and government by principles adopted. It is a question of degree. The little child of two or three must be absolutely governed by rules, because it is only by

means of temporary rules that it can be taught to submit itself to primary fixed laws. It can understand obedience, it can not understand the love of God; obedience, therefore, is, for the time being, its primary law. The adult man or woman must—speaking of domestic life only—be left to the absolute government of principles, for if we attempt to lay down rules for young men and young women we shall infallibly estrange their affections. Between these two points there are many degrees, varying according to circumstances; and the part of wisdom in education is gradually to relax our rules, so that the perfectly-obedient child may pass into the happy liberty of well-principled youth and the perfect freedom of full age without any abrupt transition, but only with the consciousness that the strict yet loving government by rule exercised by a parent in infancy has been succeeded by that much stricter, much sterner government by principle, which every human being must exercise over himself if he would pass through this world with the respect of his fellow-creatures, and enter upon the next with the approbation of his Maker.

It would seem scarcely necessary to add that in thus advocating the enforcement of rules for children it is presupposed that they are rules based upon principle. Subjection to rules of any kind will indeed train the young mind to the habit of obedience, but it will never train it to goodness. The slave obeys the rule of his tyrannical master, but the moment he is left to himself he obeys nothing but his own impulses. The test of the wisdom of our rules is the ease with which we may dispense with them when once the principle upon which they were based is firmly established. It is singular to remark how very few rules and what very rare punishments are required in the government, even of a child, who has in infancy been trained to strict obedience based upon principle. The little one who, when a year and a half old, finds that it never has what it cries for, will require but a very small amount of checking and thwarting in its wishes when it is three or four, because by that time it will fully have learned that most difficult of all lessons to an indulged child—to take "no" for an answer.

So, again, the child of three, who, when told to go or come, refuses, and finds that an instantaneous punishment, however slight, follows its refusal, will need no threatening and scolding at five or six to compel it to obey. The child of five or six who finds that certain rules are laid down for its conduct, and that on the transgression of those rules a penalty is always

inflicted, will, by the time it is nine or ten, keep a rule as strictly in its mother's absence as in her presence. At that age the irksomeness of obedience is lessened because the child is quite able to understand the principle on which obedience rests; to see that it obeys its parents because they are the viceregents of God, exercising authority from him, and therefore claiming submission as a religious right. The sacredness of obedience once established, the parents' wishes as well as their commands become sacred. The child, though often unknown to itself, begins to act from a feeling of duty. "Such an action is not right, because my mother would disapprove, therefore I will not do it."

Once fairly establish this idea of duty in the mind and rules are comparatively needless, and at thirteen or fourteen the child is scarcely conscious of them. She goes and comes, she writes and speaks freely, and, though a few directions may be necessary as guides and landmarks, there is no necessity to enforce them. The child enforces them upon herself. At fifteen or sixteen her task becomes more difficult; she is learning to rule herself instead of to be ruled, and now the mother's duty changes. She is not so much called upon to command as to counsel and advise; and because the child's will is one with hers, there is no need for severity in this office of adviser. Sympathy, tenderness, consideration, the full exhibition of that marvelous depth of affection which God has implanted in a mother's heart, all may be displayed with little or no check from external rules. And if we ask for the result we may find it in the perfect confidence, the reverent, devoted affection on the part of the child, and the loving delight and deep satisfaction on the part of the mother, which make the relationship between them perhaps the happiest, as it is certainly the holiest, of which our nature in its earthly affections is capable.

Is this an ideal picture? It need not be so; God intended it to be a reality. It is our own folly which makes it an ideal. We strive, it may be, to be strict, just, true, unselfish, and indulgent in our dealings with our children. But we begin with indulgence and end with strictness, instead of beginning with strictness and ending with indulgence, and the result is fatal.

If it be asked, Why do we thus act? the answer will sound severe, but it will be very true. Because we are selfish. We love ourselves better than our children. There is nothing more tempting to a woman's tenderness

than her little child of two years old; it is tempting even to those who are not mothers. The soft, round cheek, the bright complexion, the silky hair, are so inviting to the eye, the broken words are so sweet to the ear, the tottering steps appeal so trustingly for help, and the first demonstrations of awakening love are so inexpressibly winning that it requires a self-denial greatly beyond that to which we have at all accustomed ourselves to look grave or check, much more to punish. But ought it not to be equally difficult to check, reprove, or punish the disobedient girl of thirteen or fourteen? Her face is still young and fair, her voice is still sweet, her steps are tottering on a far more dangerous path; her love, when awakened, is a far more valuable treasure than that of the unconscious little one. Yes, but she is disrespectful, passionate, disobedient; she makes us angry; she vexes us. There lies the secret; it is self, after all.

An unselfish mother will punish her little child, though it may wring her heart to do so. She will never fear chilling its infant heart by wise strictness, for a mother's tenderness will make amends in an instant for the suffering inflicted. Very little children will bear a large amount of moral coercion, just as they will a large amount of physical coercion. It belongs to their age, to be compelled to obey is natural, and they never resent it; and it is the feeling of resentment which makes enforced obedience injurious to the moral character.

And so, also, an unselfish mother, if by any unhappy weakness she should have failed by wise rules to train her child to obedience in infancy, will be penitent and forbearing when the consequences of that neglect are displayed in youth.

She will not then insist upon laying down rules, thwarting, and restraining. It is too late; restraints which would have been light in childhood are felt to be very heavy in youth. They will but increase irritability and widen the difference. The mother has "sown the wind," and she must be prepared to "reap the whirlwind;" happy only if, by gentleness, love, sympathy, she can at length so far regain her child's affections as to win her confidence, and at last, through God's mercy, awaken principle which should have been awakened long before.

Alas, that so few will think of this! Alas, that a direction the most obvious, the most reasonable, and, upon the whole, the most likely to be acknowledged in words, of all which God has given to guide us in education, should be so neglected that it requires pages of expostulation and illustration to enforce it;

and that, after all which can be said, it is probable that scarcely one in twenty will ever fully carry out into practice the axiom—rules for children; principles for adults!

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

DO THEY LOOK BACK?

DO those who have passed beyond the grave look back upon us? If they do it seems to me that they must weep at the unworthiness of those whom their blind and tender love regarded good and noble as they behold them so ignoble in purpose and action, so weak in faith, so impatient in trial, so unlike the angels of God. Must they not shrink from creatures so impure and find joy in heavenly things alone? If our daily transgressions are fully revealed can any but the great Infinite love us? Ah, it seems to me that the great Infinite alone can see in our broken lives precious fragments worthy to be gathered up and remolded into beauty. We have been so false where we might have been so true; we have broken such holy resolves, or perhaps resolved such unholy things, that it is we who have wandered from the holy dead, not they from us. But He, with whom all things are possible, can unite us again.

"Never here—forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here."

A LIFELESS HAND.

Have you never, when greeting the living, touched a lifeless hand—a hand that speaks of something dead in the life of the one who gave it to you—a hand that tells of a passive existence—of a heart from which the active life-blood has been crushed out in the wine-press of suffering, or, sadder still, has flowed out through some vile channel? You feel that the one whose hand you touched walks very wearily if not very waywardly through the world, perhaps both wearily and waywardly. You feel that the active elements of suffering and enjoyment have passed from the life of one who may have suffered and enjoyed more than you, but who now suffers less and enjoys less, for when in this world we cease to experience active suffering we cease to experience active enjoyment. Would you not rather take your chances on a rough sea, than be thus becalmed afar from a haven of rest?

GENIUS AND COMMON-SENSE.

Genius is a great light, sending its rays far into the future; common-sense a steady flame, cheering the humble hearth and making glad the hearts of the lowly. Genius is a prophet and common-sense an interpreter. Genius is eloquent, persuasive, and theoretical; common-sense comprehends readily, reasons clearly, acts rationally, reduces theory to practice, lends to action, discretion, and directness of purpose, and, without taking wings to soar over obstacles, carefully removes them from its way. Many a man of genius

"Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave."

Genius startles, thrills, and arouses; common-sense daily warms and strengthens. The one feels its power, the other lives unconscious of it. Genius dreams of a brighter future and yawns for the dawn of to-morrow; common-sense rejoices in the light of to-day. Genius works with extraordinary instruments and achieves remarkable results; common-sense deals not with the diviner's rod, but brings into subserviency powers too often overlooked, and by patient industry works wonders. Genius is an inspirer; common-sense a practical follower of inspiration. Genius unfolds the mysteries of life; common-sense learns to read them and profits by them. Happy indeed is the man who is renowned for

"Sterling sense,
That which, like gold, may through the world go forth
And always pass for what 't is truly worth,
Whereas this genius, like a bill, must take
Only the value one's opinions make."

We are grateful for the revelation of grand ideas which we ourselves should never have conceived; we love eloquence of thought and feeling; we are not indifferent to beautiful theories, but

"O, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
Its strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,
A thing the thrush might pity as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lonely nest!"

THIS is the wisdom of a Christian when he can solace himself with the comfortable assurance of the love of God, that he hath called him unto holiness, given him some measure of it and an endeavor after more; and by this way may he conclude that he hath ordained him unto salvation.—*Leighton*.

HOW SHE FELL.

WERE you ever poor? I thought not, or you would be more considerate and just to the poor. I wish you had been poor for a single day, only one day; hungry and without food, or money to buy it; without a place to lay your head, or in debt for the last wretched place you lay in; without work and unable to get it, hunting for it from shop to shop, up and down the endless stairs till your feet were swollen, and burning, and blistered; afraid to tell your trouble and need, lest you should lose favor and friends. One day of such poverty would be enough for you—and you need one. "I overdraw." No. The colors are none too deep for woman's poverty as I have seen it. But the worst poverty is not to be compared or named with the sin to which it tempts.

Do you see that block of old, dark, dingy buildings? I never pass it without faintness and sickening of spirit, for I know too well what is behind those dirty, cobwebbed windows. And those attics—my eye lingers there for the pale, sad faces. The city is full of such old, shell-like skeleton blocks, and up in their dismal attics you will always find the saddest specimens of womanhood that live.

Up in that second attic, right in the window-seat, to get the most light on her work, and a little view of life in the street below, sat for months together a young and pretty girl, stitching at heavy tailor work all day.

Early in the morning, before the sun rose, when nothing else was seen astir but the city pigeons and the market men, she was at her toil, and no one ever saw her pause from it but for her hasty meals, and short naps, and hurried visits to the shops where she obtained work and food. When she glanced into the street she was drawing through her thread, and the quick glance could not hinder. Her head throbbed at times as if it would burst; sharp pains smote through her breast, and then came a sinking sense of feebleness worse than pain, but she sewed on just the same. She was too poor to yield to sickness. She had to work while her hand could move to pay for her food and shelter.

She was a lone thing; went out and came in alone; sat always alone in her sky window, and if she ever saw any friends it was when she went out; no one came to see her. The pain in her head grew worse till it was almost maddening, and she laid down her needle and clasped her hands to her temples, and her eyes rested with interest on the cheerful windows

across the street. The sun shone into those windows through beautiful draperies of embroidered lace, and lay soft and mellow on the rich satin and velvet of furniture and carpet. Then a sweet voice rose and swelled till it met her ear. Once she could sing like that—not now.

She could only raise the saddest note now, and that brought tears to spoil her work. It was a gay song she heard, and she saw gay young girls come to the window, and they were not pale like her, held no hand to the throbbing head, but moved lightly and buoyantly, as if borne up by pleasure. Yet the poor sewing-girl shrinks and shivers, and covers her eyes, for "their house inclines unto death and their path unto the dead. None that go unto them return again, neither take they hold on the paths of life." She takes up her needle and plies it briskly again.

But her look has not been unnoticed. The Jezebel who rules in that house of sin has long been watching her. She smiles, she gloats—the woman-demon! That such monsters live—and in woman shape, too—in shape like our blessed mother—like her whom Christ called "mother" in his tender love! But they do so live, and in our very midst, and their victims—they are many. Shall I tell you of all the snares that Jezebel, the woman-demon, laid for the poor, over-tasked, half-starved, sickening sewing-girl? She did with hellish purpose what you or some other woman would have done with the holiest. "The children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." She showed her kindness with a studied delicacy that could not fail to please, and won her gratitude. She gave her work and full and honest pay, and so lured her within her influence.

That attic window is empty now. The young girl is gone. She sews no longer, nor is she hungry or lonely more. The roses bloom on her cheeks, her laugh is gay, and her step is light and sylph-like as she floats in siren dances to siren music. But alas! poor thing, alas! O, that she were the honest, half-starved sewing-girl still! "Roses on her cheeks!" Why, they are false roses. Never more living bloom for her. A "gay laugh" and a hollow one, that would move a loving heart to tears. They who are like her laugh such gay, hollow laughs to keep themselves from tears, but tears are less sad than their laughter.

Her step is not always "sylph-like," it grows slower and weaker each day, and a new and terrible pain is gnawing at her breast, and her temples throb wildly with wretchedness. If it

were only with weariness and exhaustion as once! The old pain seems like a pleasure to this. "Never hungry and lonely now," but what a price she has paid for food! One that tempts starvation, even. And company—what company!—that of lost women like herself, some of them fiend, maddened, and maddening spirits. Lovers smile on her; they court and flatter, and fill her ear with delightful praises. "Lovers!" O, that one, only one true, honest heart could love her! They who smile on her despise and insult her; they turn from her in scorn and loathing. Who can respect or love her?

Ah, she knows too well that no one cares for her. She no longer cares for herself. Her day is short, and still she would shorten it. Only five years for such as she is! "Only?" Why, how can she live a year? The agony of the present deadens her to all fear of the unending agony of another life. Hell! Is there a worse hell? Five years is the allotted life of the abandoned. And men call it short. Short! Then what is long? And who is responsible for the terrible losses of life and happiness? Are not you who refuse such as her their pay? full, righteous, living pay, their due, their right—not the least they will take, nor half, nor quarter pay, but what they earn, what God would give them if he settled between you, and what he will yet require at your hands at the final reckoning, on the great day of accounts.

Had you sewed from dawn till midnight, day after day, for the paltry hire you give, you would know it was not half enough; you would tell that you were wicked in keeping the poor sewers so poor as you keep them. Had it been your young daughter that grew faint, and sick, and despairing in that wretched attic, would you sit at your ease while hard men, and hard women too, compel other daughters to the same dark, sad life—a life which seems to the young like a breathing death, only for the weariness and pain, death giving us thoughts of rest? And O, if you had seen her tempted through her poverty—overtempted and lost—could you rest while other daughters followed her hapless fate driven on as she was driven, tempted as she was tempted? And must you suffer before you can feel for those who suffer? Will you not learn to do right till you have felt the iron heel of wrong? Must it be your own cry of anguish that wakes you to the piercing cry for food, and warmth, and sleep, the fearful demand for justice, going up to the ear of the Lord God of justice and compassion?

The Children's Repository.

JOHNNY'S TEMPTATION.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

IF there was any thing in the world that Johnny Parker really coveted it was a *knife*. Almost all the boys in his class had pocket-knives except Johnny. To be sure they were not the most stylish kind, for Billy Stone's had the blade broken, and Tommy Ward's had the handle broken, but Eddy Foster had a regular bran-new, two-bladed knife, a genuine Barlowe knife, and it only cost half a dollar. Johnny watched it with admiring eyes every time Eddy drew it out, which happened whenever there was any thing to cut, and he had vainly tried to buy it with his whole stock of playthings. Johnny knew better than even to ask his dear mother to buy him such a knife, for he knew well enough that she had all she could do to pay the rent of the little cottage where they lived and keep him and Robby in comfortable clothes. So Johnny only thought, and wished, and contrived all to himself, but he could n't hit upon any plan for getting such a knife as Eddy Foster's. But one day as he was going home from school he saw little Bertie Grant sailing a tiny ship on a little pond of water near his father's house. The little fellow had emptied his pockets of their contents to try to find something that would do for ballast, and just as Johnny came up he had loaded his ship with a handful of coins.

"I would n't put those in, Bertie," said Johnny, "they'll slip into the water and you'll lose 'em."

"Well, I can't find any stones little enough," said Bertie.

"Wait and I'll get you some," said Johnny, going across the street and filling his hands with some clean, white pebbles.

Bertie was delighted with the pebbles, and threw his money carelessly on the ground.

"May I count it?" said Johnny, gathering it up. "O, my! how much you've got—two dimes, and a silver quarter, and no end of pennies. What are you going to do with it, Bertie?"

"I do n't know," said Bertie carelessly, starting his ship on a new voyage, "what would you do?"

"I'd buy a knife quicker'n a wink if I was you," said Johnny.

"Mamma says I can't have any knife, not till I'm seven years old," said Bertie, "and I guess I sha'n't ever get to be that old."

"I'm older than that," said Johnny, "but I never had so much money as this, and I do n't s'pose I ever shall."

"You may have it all if you want it," said Bertie; "I do n't care about it a speck."

"Will your mamma let you give it away?" said Johnny, his heart beating hard and his cheeks burning with excitement.

"O, she do n't care," said Bertie; "I had more'n that, but I lost some down the cistern."

So Johnny thanked Bertie, slipped the money into his pocket, and ran home. He did not stop to speak to little Robbie, but went straight up into his room and poured the money out on the bed and counted it over. There was a good deal more than enough to buy a knife, and he gathered it up to return it to his pocket. What a pleasant sound it made as it went jingling into his pocket, where nothing had jingled an hour before but a slate-pencil, two brass-headed nails, and some bits of orange-colored glass.

"Johnny," called his mother, "I want you to run to the store and bring me some thread."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, running down stairs two steps at a time.

"There'll be a penny change," said his mother, "and you may have that for a new pencil; you said your pencil scratched so."

Johnny was on the very point of telling his mother about his fortune, but somehow he could n't help feeling afraid she would not approve of his spending the money, so he started on his errand without saying a word about it.

"He gave it to me without asking," said Johnny to himself, "and so, of course, it's mine."

"He's too little to know any thing about the value of money," said something to Johnny, "and you ought not to have taken it."

"His papa is rich, he can give Bertie any thing he wants," said Johnny to himself, "and my papa is dead and my mamma is poor."

"Your papa was an honest man, and your mamma would sooner see you begging bread than *stealing*," said something to Johnny.

"*Stealing!*" said Johnny, indignantly, "I ain't going to *steal*, not even for a knife; but I believe it is too bad to take the money from such a baby. I'll just lay it on the steps as I go by and they'll find it."

It never took Johnny Parker long to make up his mind to any thing, so he just pulled the

money out of his pocket and laid it in a little shining pile on the broad stone step by the front door. Then he walked bravely away, but he could n't help looking back and thinking how pretty it looked.

"S'pose somebody should come along and get it," thought he, and then he went back and gathered it up in his hand and rang the door-bell.

"I wonder who 'll come to the door," he thought, with his heart beating pretty fast. "I wish it would be Mr. Grant himself; I like him first-rate."

But it was n't Mr. Grant at all, or even Mrs. Grant who answered the bell, but a red-armed Irish girl, whose first words were, "Why could n't ye come to the alley door? the front way is n't for the likes of ye."

"Here is Bertie's money," said Johnny, "he gave it to me, all of it."

"Bless his little heart," said the girl, "he's always a givin' to ivery spalpeen he meets," and she shut the door without even saying thank you.

Johnny went away with a sort of indignant feeling at being called a *spalpeen* and treated like a beggar, but after all he felt glad to have the matter over with.

"I should n't wonder a bit if she never gave Bertie the money at all," thought Johnny. "She's a mean old thing any how, and crosser'n a bear; I'm glad she do n't live to our house."

Johnny went to the store and bought the thread for his mother, walked resolutely past the glass show-case where he had lingered so often to admire the tempting display of pocket-knives, and whistled merrily all the way home.

Matters went on in pretty much the old way with Johnny Parker for the next two weeks, only whenever Eddy Foster made an unusually-provoking flourish over his new knife he could n't help saying to himself, "I might have bought a nicer one than that," but always adding, "I'm mighty glad I did n't, though."

About two weeks afterward, as Johnny was going after his mother's cow he met Mr. Grant coming slowly up the street.

"Ah, Johnny Parker," said Mr. Grant, "you're growing so tall I hardly knew you; full of business as ever?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny with a pleased look.

Mr. Grant always remembered boys' names, and boys have a special dislike to being called Sam or Bob, as if they were of no importance at all. Then every boy likes to think he is growing tall, so Mr. Grant walked straight into Johnny's affections.

"See here, Johnny," said Mr. Grant, "how

was it about that money? Bertie says he gave it to you to buy a knife; why did n't you keep it?"

"I did at first," said Johnny; "I did n't think much about it, 'cause I wanted the knife so bad; but afterward I thought it was kind of sneaking to take it from such a baby, so I brought it back."

"You did well," said Mr. Grant. "I like you, Johnny Parker, and I think you 'll grow up to be a brave, honest man."

Then Mr. Grant tore a leaf from his memorandum, wrote a few words on it, and folded it up.

"I wish you would give this note to Mr. Somers as you go by the store," said he, "unless you are in a hurry."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "I can take it as well as not," and he went on his way as happy as a king, because Mr. Grant had said a few kind words to him. He gave the note to Mr. Somers and hurried out of the store, but just as he got to the door Mr. Somers called out, "Here, Johnny Parker!"

Johnny turned back.

"Do you know what's in this note?" asked Mr. Somers.

"Course not," said Johnny, indignantly; "you s'pose I'd read it?"

"Well, I'll read it to you," said he: "'Give Johnny the best double-bladed knife in the store, and tell him not to cut his fingers off before he gets home.'"

Johnny could hardly credit his senses when the knife was put in his possession. He forgot all about the cow, and walked home again without her, and if Robbie had not hailed him from the gate he might have gone on and on clear to the old saw-mill.

And that is how Johnny Parker got his knife, and I can only say with Mr. Grant, "I like Johnny Parker."

MOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"HERE, Trip, stand up! stand up and speak!" and Morris Whitney held as high as his arms could reach the white crust of his apple-pie, before his dog and coaxed him to bound for it and bark.

"You are wasteful, my boy," said his mother, chidingly, as she lifted little Lottie Morris out of her high chair to the floor.

"Nothing but an old bit of pie-crust that I do not want to eat. Here, Trip, speak loud,

louder," and the crust fell from his fingers, and the dog caught and swallowed it, and kept his eyes upon his master for more. "Mother, may I give him this dry cake?"

"Why, my son, I have seen the day when I would have eaten that crust of yours quicker than I would now the nicest plum-cake."

"Was you 'most starved 'cause your cow had run off?" here interrupted Lottie, with her face all aglow with interest.

"You little pet, who would think you listened to every word! No, no, I did not love milk as you do," and Mrs. Morris caught up the child with a little laugh and gave her a good kiss, then sat her upon the floor. "When I was a girl we did not have wheat flour as we do now. Our bread was made of rye, and so were our pies, only upon holidays, or when we had company. I can remember a keen disappointment that came to me when I was a little girl. We had a nice wheat pie for breakfast, and, thinking to prolong the pleasure of eating it, I hid the crust amid some plantain leaves in the yard, and when I went for it either the ants, or birds, or chickens had carried it away. I think I cried a little."

"Why did you live so poor, mother?" questioned Morris, as he carefully replaced a nice slice of bread that had been in imminent danger of falling into Trip's mouth from a movement of his elbow.

"O, we liked it very well, and never thought any thing about its being hard fare to live upon rye and corn. The bread was very sweet and moist, but yet we enjoyed a white loaf when before us. I shall remember as long as I live one meal. Father was a mechanic and kept no horse, and I believe I could tell you of every ride that I took before I was ten years old. One day business called father to an adjoining town, and as he wished to take over a set of wheels he hired a horse and springless wagon, and for some reason my older sister and my younger brother were told that they could accompany him. I begged and teased in vain to go with them, and after they drove off I cried as if my heart would break."

"Did you really feel so bad, mother, about a ride in an old one-horse wagon?" interrupted Morris with an incredulous look. "I never even think to be glad that I can ride horse-back almost every day, and in a buggy just when I please."

"That is too often the way, my child. The blessings that are common grow valueless, but let you walk for one year and then take a ride and you would enjoy it to that degree that it would seem something to be grateful for. Your

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sight is as great a blessing as that that came to the blind man, a gift from the Son of God, and yet he followed and glorified the Savior, and I fear my boy has never even given a thankful thought that he could see; but what was I telling you? O, about how bad I felt. Well, I went up stairs under the low garret roof as far as I could creep, and laid down upon the lath floor, and sobbed as if my heart would break. After I had cried till it seemed as if I could not shed another tear, the thought of their driving down by the mountain, and over the river, and seeing the nice houses would make them burst forth afresh, and my whole frame would quiver with the sobs. You can imagine my sorrow, for it was the loft that held two old Revolutionary muskets, and a knapsack, and a red cockade, the top of it tipped with white feathers, and certificates from Washington for patents taken out by my father, written upon parchment in the beautifullest letters, and upon paper so strong that no child's fingers could tear it; and yet I never gave a look at the bright cockade, or the eagle engraved upon the brass plate that held it in place, but kept crying, and if I saw any thing it was the ugly mortar that had clinched above the lath or the cobwebs that had clung to my hair. Mother at last found me, and she laid my head upon her knee and for awhile tried in vain to comfort me. At length she said if I would come down to the pantry with her she would make the nicest short-cake and we would have a grand supper. I wiped my eyes and went with her and watched as she took out a few spoonfuls of flour from a little white bag that hung upon a nail, and dipped some cream, and let me make the pearlash—for it was pearlash, not soda, then—and saw her stir it into the cream and make it foam, and then mold it, and roll it just the size of the spider, and cross it with a knife, and turn the spider up before the open fireplace, and bake it to the nicest brown. Mother made the tea, and took some china cups from a high shelf and placed them upon the table. They were sprigged with a green leaf and tiny red flower, and so clear that I could see through them, and too choice to use only upon the rarest occasions, and mother delighted me by passing me one filled with tea. I can taste that supper yet—that short-cake, light and flaky, that cream-biscuit since has never rivaled, a sauce-plate of preserves, dainty with color and fineness, and the china cup that felt smooth within my lips, like a piece of ice without the cold."

"But I think it was real hard that they did not let you go," sympathized Morris with a

resentful look. "I should like to know if you was not as good as your big sister or little brother?"

"He was the baby, and perhaps it was not my turn. I have forgotten. I presume they never realized how I would suffer. It would be hard for me now to imagine that a child could care to ride upon a board across a hard wagon, with four wheels piled at his back, if I had not experienced the sorrow."

"Or to think how a boy wants to skate when all the boys are on the pond," put in Morris mischievously.

"Bundle up and go along," came the reply, with a merry laugh from Mrs. Morris; "nature made you a lawyer, for you know just when to put in your plea."

"And gain the case," added Morris as he bounded out the door, skates in hand.

MAKING TRACKS.

A LIGHT snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snowballing and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in. There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the center of the meadow, and that each one should start from it and see who could make the straightest track. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. If each had gone forward in a straight line the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel, the tree representing the hub.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly when the ground is so smooth and nothing to turn us out of our way?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could without looking at any thing but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others.

It appeared that nobody but Henry had

aimed at a particular object. They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. We can not succeed in any thing good without a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite as an object and go steadily forward to it.

BENNIE'S PLEASURES.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

LITTLE BENNIE's sports were many,
Happier boy there was not any;
All his Summers had delights—
Games of ball and flights of kites—
Sometimes here and sometimes there,
He was merry every-where.

Boys look forward to be men,
So did Bennie now and then;
And he thought it hard to wait
For his manhood proud and great,
For the grand house he would rear
After many and many a year.

With no sad thoughts of to-morrow,
With no dread of future sorrow,
With enough to bless him now,
Better things would come, but how
It was not for him to say;
So he would be glad to-day.

Many things he had to bless him,
Friends to love him and caress him,
And a life all free from care;
Things to keep and things to spare,
Why should he not be content
With the good that God had sent?

Little Bennie, happy liver,
Also was a "cheerful giver;"
As he found a joy in living,
So his heart was glad in giving.
Others shared his simple pleasures;
From his pockets came forth treasures.

Yet those pockets never grew
Empty—reader, it is true;
Something came as something went;
What he gave, like wealth well spent,
In some form came back again;
Still enough had little Ben.

Yielding to his teacher's rule,
Good at home and good at school,
Little Bennie's days went by,
And when came the win't'ry sky,
And the winds began to blow,
How he loved the drifting snow!

He would call his playmates, then
They, of snow, would fashion men;
Stand them up and see them fall,
O, those boys were happy all!
And I doubt if ever men
Lived as gay as these and Ben.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

MANNERS—WHAT NOT TO DO.—From an exchange we extract the following, not very elegant, but certainly very plain and wholesome remarks on a large number of very disagreeable and sometimes disgusting things in our American manners. Girls, will you please first read them yourselves, and then have your brothers read them?

The difference between the gentleman and the clown consists, not so much in the breadth of thought and nobleness of nature on the one hand, with the absence of these on the other, as may be supposed, but rather in a thousand little things. Many, who have excellent common-sense in some things, and even talent, make themselves unacceptable to their friends on account of uncouth habits. There is no criminality in being awkward, but it is a great inconvenience, at least would be, if the man knew it. In a brief period one may see a great many things that excite his pity or awaken his disgust. We know a person of wealth who goes to church early, and is sure to take out his knife and cut and clean his finger-nails before service commences. We know another who has a classical education, who, in church, uses his tooth-pick, not because his teeth need picking, but simply to keep himself occupied, as one would twirl his watch-key, or as a lady would toy with a fan.

Now, tooth-picking associations are as bad as nail-cleaning. But we would rather see a person clean his nails, even in company, than to see a black streak under each finger-nail on a lady's hand that flashed with diamond rings; but we read in Scripture of the jewel being in an unfit place, and why should they not be in modern times?

Some young men whistle in a ferry-boat or street-car, and we have noticed, nine times in ten, that the fools who practice this are deficient in musical talent, and are not aware that they are chafing the nerves of every listener in two ways—first with the bad music; second with the rawness of the practice of perpetrating music on people, without any invitation and without their consent.

Drumming with the fingers or with the feet, making unnecessary noise among some people who are nervous, render the society of persons who thoughtlessly perpetrate these petty rudenesses almost insufferable. We are aware that these habits often originate in diffidence. The person feels nervous and does not know exactly what to do but practice this drumming as a kind of outlet or scape-goat to nervousness. Well-bred people may do this, but it is no sign of good breeding, and is *prima facie* of ill-breeding.

Sprawling the feet and legs in company is another

common and very improper practice. It is an American habit, known and observed by the rule of putting the feet as high as the head, or higher. Passing by hotels in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, one sees in a single window perhaps four pairs of feet; and we have seen protruding from a third-story window a pair of feet and a foot or leg attached to each.

It is regarded in England as an offense against good taste to show the bottom of the shoes in company, and, therefore, Englishmen are not likely to so sit as to exhibit the bottom of the foot, much less rest one foot on the knee; but go into a company of ten or twenty American men, and see what awkward adjustment the men present with their feet and legs, and we ask no severer criticism than that will give on this bad habit.

Another bad practice in company, or any where, is to lean back against the wall, and hoist the feet on the round of the chair, if it have one. We have seen many a nice mahogany or rosewood chair broken off at the back, by heavy louts leaning back on the two hind legs—but we beg pardon for having been caught in such company. If the habit were not uncouth, and if the chair did not break, it would mar the wall.

Lounging on sofas, and sitting, as some gentlemen do, on the small of the back, is very rude. If a man wishes to recline on the sofa, let him lay himself down, and gather up his feet, as if he were composing himself to sleep, or as if he were drunk; but this sprawling, lounging, and leaning, is execrable.

Picking the nose in company, or using the handkerchief unnecessarily or ostentatiously, and especially looking at it after it has been used, need not be condemned—the very mention of it is enough.

Persons frequently work at the ears "before folks." We remember, when a child, seeing a woman in church put her little finger in her ear, elevate her elbow, and give it one grand shake; but though it was before the days of daguerreotypes, it was thoroughly daguerreotyped on our memory.

Hawking, spitting, and clearing the throat may sometimes be necessary, even in public, but it should be done as quietly as possible, with the handkerchief to the mouth. Yawning, stretching, putting the hands in the pockets, it will do for little boys with their first pockets, but when we see men in the pulpit, or on the platform, thrust their hands in their trowser pockets, we can not say it is a sin, but it is an uncouth habit.

Playing with the pocket-knife, jingling keys and loose change, are in very bad taste. Looking at the watch in an open way makes one think a person wishes to make a display of that valuable article. It is considered ill manners to look at one's watch in company,

but we now speak of public places, concerts, church, etc., and not private society. One may take a peep at his watch in public places, if he does it quietly, not to attract attention, and it is allowable. Loud talking is very rude on the ferry-boat, in a railway car, at church, in the lecture or concert-room, before the services commence, and detestable afterward. Little parties should keep their personal conversation to themselves. Nothing, we think, shows good breeding more than a quiet manner, a mellow voice, and that decorousness and gentleness which accompany that style of speech.

MRS. SIGOURNEY AT HOME.—The following extract from Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters of Life," presents a very beautiful and suggestive picture of a happy home, secured and perpetuated by the prudence and good sense of an excellent and loving woman.

"The introduction to a new abode was signaled by many kind, social attentions in the form of calls, entertainments, and parties. Such marked regard from the aristocracy, as well as other classes, might have humbled me with the feeling that I had no just claim to it, had I not considered it as a demonstration of respect to my husband. He, though a devoted and successful merchant, often found time, toward the close of day, to take little excursions, always choosing to drive himself through the beautifully-varied scenery which the suburbs of the city presented. A promise had been made, at taking me from my parents, that, whenever it was possible, he would bring me to visit them every month. This pleasant journey of forty miles was performed in the same style, with a single horse, taking one of the children in rotation, to share in our happiness.

"Our household, besides our three lovely children, comprised a maiden sister of the first Mrs. Sigourney, a lady of most amiable manners, and of the same age with my husband, two clerks, who, being from good families, were generally included in our own circle, two men employed about the grounds, store, or stables, and three female servants. Finding the arrangements of a family that had been in existence sixteen years systematically established, I was careful not to disturb or interfere with its routine unnecessarily. Still it was my desire to bear a part in its operations, and to prove that the years devoted to different pursuits had created neither indifference nor disqualification for domestic duty. In this new sphere I could scarcely hope to equal my predecessor—who was a model of elegance—but was assiduous that our hospitalities, especially the dinner parties, which were occasionally large, should show no diminution of liberality and order.

"Habitual industry did not forsake me, but was ready to enter untried departments. Perceiving my husband to be pleased with efforts of the needle and knitting-needles, mine were seldom idle. Not content with stockings of all sizes, I constructed gloves of various sorts, adjusting their fingers to the tiniest hands, and surprised at my own success. A still bolder enterprise kindled my ambition—the cutting and making a pair of pantaloons for our son. Ripping a cast-off garment of that sort, and sedulously measuring and adjusting every part by the pattern, I produced an article of mazarine blue bombazine, which, trimmed with white pearl buttons, was well-fitted and becoming. It was

sufficient for me that the father was pleased, and praised it. For I was often saying in my heart, I hope he may sustain no loss, at least in financial matters, from having married a schoolmistress and a literary woman."

EXCELLENT RULES FOR PARENTS.—1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them any thing unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do any thing, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.

13. Never allow of talebearing.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.—Mr. Trollope does not have faith in the good results of American training for children, and expresses his views of the matter as follows:

"I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed, and kept in the background, as children are with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them, as I have heard them squalling, by the hour together, in the agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be wondered that children are happier when they are made to obey orders and sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk are more favorable to soft childish ways than beefsteak and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea that I should never dare approach to an American mother; but I must confess that, after my travels on the western continent, my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beefsteak and pickles certainly produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter and winning, childish ways are, I fancy, the product of bread and milk."

ANGER.—A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to poisons and spices.

WITTY AND WISE.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, a Milesian, one of the wisest men of Greece, proposed to him, in rapid succession, these difficult questions:

The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

What is the oldest of all things?

God, because he always existed.

What is most beautiful?

The world, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?

Space, because it contains all that is created.

What is quickest of all things?

Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

ANECDOTE OF DR. EMMONS.—A Pantheist minister met him one day and abruptly asked:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?"

"As old as the creation," was the answer in a triumphant tone.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third person in the garden with them," replied the Doctor with great coolness; "but I never knew before that it was you."

A WISE EXCUSE.—On one occasion at a dinner at the Bishop of Chester's, Hannah More urged Dr. Johnson to take a little wine. He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, and, therefore, I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." Many have the same infirmity, but are destitute of the same courage, and therefore are ruined.

THE EVER-PRESENT MASTER.—"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a dry goods clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure. Your master is not in." Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face and replied, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let every tempted child, ay, and adult, too, adopt Johnnie's motto: "*My Master is always in.*" It will save him from falling into many sins.

LABOR IS GENIUS.—When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learn, and do not succeed because they do not learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the great curse to a great blessing."

DELICIOUSLY MODEST.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ah, Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow myself on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting more than thy share."

IRISH CALCULATION.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there was at the party: "The two Cro-gans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and who was four? Let me see [counting his fingers] the two Cro-gans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three—and—and, bedad, there was four of us, but St. Patrick could not tell the name of the other. Now, it is meself has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Cro-gans was two, meself was three—and—and, be my sowl, there was but three."

INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman on the wharf to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends at Cork are in bed and asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening." "That's always the way," exclaimed Pat. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

A NEW EDITION OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM.—An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck, and went ahead. "Here you have," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how much 'm I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, and what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em going about *Plymouth peddlin'*, with a pack on his back."

USED TO IT.—An elderly gentleman traveling in a stage-coach, was amused by a constant fly of words between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a great deal of naivete, "I've been married twenty-eight years."

REPLY OF A TEMPERANCE DOCTOR.—"Doctor," said Squire Love-a-little, "do you think that a very little spirits, now and then, would hurt me very much?"

"Why, no, sir," answered the Doctor very deliberately, "I do not think a little now and then would hurt you very much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU WRITE.—"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they can not rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever.

A FIT PAIR.—A dandy is a thing in pantaloons—with a body and two arms, head without brains, tight boots, a cane and white handkerchief, two brooches, and a ring on his little finger. A coquette is a young lady with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, with more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants.

Scripture Cabinet.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—*"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."* 1 Thess. iv, 13.

How often have these words come with heavenly cheer and inspiration to the afflicted Christian when first recovering from the bewilderment and shock which death caused, when it rudely and ruthlessly snatched from him "the desire of his eyes," the child of his affections, the guide of his youth, or the friend of his confidence and love! Instead of being driven to despair by the thought of an everlasting separation—which death would practically cause if there was no further recognition of our friends—the believer is enabled to contemplate the body's dissolution as effecting, in the case of the pious, but a temporary loss of companionship; as but interrupting for a little while an intimacy which is destined to be renewed and perpetuated forever; as only the suspension of a fellowship which will, probably just because of such suspension, be eventually all the closer in that brighter world where sorrow is unknown and separation can never come.

In this present life it frequently happens that those most attached agree for a time to part, when such a separation is calculated to promote the temporal interests of the parties concerned. How often, for instance, do we see parents willing to surrender the most promising of their children, and even assisting them to go to some far-distant land, in the mere hope that there they may amass such wealth as will enable them to assume and maintain an honorable position in society, or return perchance, after many years of vigorous exertion, to bless and comfort their parents in the evening of life!

This expectation of ultimate reunion upon earth, often fondly cherished, has frequently been sadly blighted, and the homes and hearts of parents, instead of being gladdened by the return of these children of their hopes, have often been filled with sorrow by the tidings of their misfortune or of their death. But no such disappointment awaits the believer who expects to meet his sainted relatives in the "better land." His is a hope which "maketh not ashamed," and one which will eventually be realized in the "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" for this blessed truth of recognition assures him that he will be restored to the embraces of their affection, that he will yet join them in their songs of heavenly thanksgivings, and that, together, they will yet bask forever in the sunshine of the Almighty's love.

Such a hope, too, may also convey a lesson of resignation and submission, as well as comfort to the afflicted saint. If he have a well-grounded assurance that his beloved ones who are gone, are gone to be with Christ, then "it is far better" with them now than it ever could have been on earth. They, unlike the earthly emigrant, have run no hazard and are exposed to no further risk. They are now safe within the vale; de-

livered from all sin and suffering they know no want. Their happiness and honor are secure. Instead of having gone from home, they are gone home. They now find that they have far more and better friends in heaven than ever they possessed here. The major part of the family has already entered the paternal mansions, and these that still remain will in a few short years be also there.

O, then, ye bereaved ones, why do you still mourn? Will you continue to weep as you think of the glory of your departed saints? Do you envy them their fellowship with Christ and their communion with his ransomed hosts? You would not, if you could, bring them back to earth. To gratify your selfishness, you would not wish them to descend from their thrones of peerless dignity and subject them to their former ills. You would not ask them to exchange their heavenly coronets for earthly cares, nor desire them to throw away their palms of victory even to engage in the conflicts of faith. You surely do not grudge them their everlasting kingdom and imperishable renown. They are now kings and priests unto the Father, and associated with those princes of creation who are nearest the throne and heart of God; and you would not, though you could, involve them in their former privations, and sufferings, and sins. O, no! They have now got home, and be content to leave them in their Father's house, with its many mansions, its happy inmates, and unending joys: for you too will, ere long, be permitted to join them, and with them be forever safely "housed in heaven."

THE SIXTH BEATITUDE.—*"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."* Matt. v, 8.

How ecstatic the present blessing connected with this beatitude, and how unbounded the promise of future bliss! God has joined together purity and happiness, as faith and repentance. The disciplinary process through which his people are called to pass here, is an order to sanctification, growth in grace, and increased purity of heart and life, that they may be made more meet for the purer and holier joys of heaven. The regenerate soul, passing through the laboratory of the Divine hand, strives for higher attainments in the divine life, longing for greater conformity to the image of Christ; like Paul, not satisfied with present attainments, constantly "pressing forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." Like David, he cries, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The pious breathes, even here at times, of the real communion, the atmosphere of heaven, as the earnest of the purer and holier joys of the New Jerusalem. And as the purity of heaven is the legitimate atmosphere of the pure in heart, so it must of necessity shut out from the blest abode the unsanctified. The absence of congeniality must necessarily present an absolute barrier to the enjoyment of the impure in a holy place, surrounded with the beautiful glory of

heaven, and greeted with the hosannas of sanctified spirits. As, therefore, it is according to the Divine Constitution to inseparably connect together purity and happiness, so has he made it his unalterable mandate to connect together sin and suffering. It is not strange, therefore, that if upon one hand God has thus connected together impurity and misery, and on the other, purity and felicity, that there should be connected with grace of the Spirit the promise of ecstatic joy. "They shall see God." Here the clearest views which faith gives to sanctified humanity are clouded with the defects and deformities inseparable from the grossness of this present state. Here, we see through a glass darkly; there, face to face; there we shall be satisfied with the direct displays of the Divine glory. "They shall see God!"

Fellow-Christian! refresh thy memory with the declarations of the Divine Word in regard to what is involved in this comforting promise. To see God implies an admittance of the righteous to the heavenly home, the peculiar dwelling-place of the Father and Son, where "Christ sitteth on the right hand of God"—the seat of his beatific glory, and the throne of his dominion, surrounded with that celestial choir "whom no man can number," ascribing honor, glory, and dominion to him.

THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.—"*And she brought forth her first-born, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger.*" Luke ii, 7.

How we shrink from such amazing humility on the part of Christ! How often we wish that he might have come, as the Jews expected him, with more than earthly splendor! But in meekness and poverty he fulfilled "all righteousness," and became the finished law to every one who believes. How many a poor sinner would have perished in despair if he had not thus humbled himself to his low estate! He could not believe that the Lord of Glory would dwell in his heart, even with his promise that he would dwell in the humble and contrite heart, if he had not once so humbled himself for his sake as to dwell in a manger.

What surpassing condescension, that our bodies should become his temple wherein we may constantly offer the sacrifice of prayer and praise! But often, even in our hearts, we offer him but the manger, and wonder that he does not accept the offering, and crown it with his eternal joy. M. K.

THE NAME JESUS.—"*And thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.*" Matt. i, 21.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweetness, and light, and joy, and love, and life! Filling the air with odors like precious ointment poured forth, irradiating the mind with a glory of truth in which no fear can live. Soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength! Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our sicknesses, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires! Jesus, melody to our ears, altogether lovely to our sight, manna to our taste, living water to our thirst! Jesus, our shadow

from the heat, our refuge from the storm, our cloud by night, our morning star, our sun of righteousness! Jesus, at the mention of whose name "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." Jesus our power, Jesus our righteousness, Jesus our sanctification, Jesus our redemption, Jesus our elder brother, Jesus our Jehovah, Jesus our Immanuel! Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God—thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus, thou only canst interpret thy own name, and thou hast done it by thy work on earth, and thy glory at the right hand of the Father: Jesus, SAVIOR!—*Dr. Bethune.*

"THAT SAME JESUS."—This is Christ's introduction of himself to his disciples after his resurrection. He was now the conqueror of Death and Hell, beyond all the mutations of earth, about to ascend to the right hand of the majesty on high, there to remain till he should come in the glory of his Father with all his holy angels. Yet he was "the same Jesus;" still bore the marks of his crucifixion; still sympathized with them in their sorrows and daily cares, even saying, "cast thy net on the right side," and preparing them earthly food, while he gave them the promise of the heavenly, the promise of the Holy Ghost. M. K.

DR. CHALMERS.—On one occasion this eminent minister was entertained at the house of a Scotch nobleman. The conversation was respecting pauperism, and the Doctor obtained very marked attention to his views on the cause of pauperism and its cure. A venerable Highland chief was observed to be specially delighted with the Doctor's conversational powers. When this old chieftain retired to rest, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and in a few moments expired. As Dr. Chalmers stood among the distressed visitors, he broke out in a tremulous voice, "Had I known that my venerable friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would not have dwelt on pauperism in our evening's conversation. I would have preached unto him Christ Jesus and him crucified, and would have urged him with all earnestness to prepare for eternity."

A PUNGENT SERMON.—St. Jerome, in one of his sermons, gave a rebuke to the women of his day, which has seemed to be so apropos to our own, that it is circulated just now in Paris quite universally. The following is a sample:

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those who plaster faces too white to be human, reminding us of idols—those who can not shed a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the counterfeit presentment of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grandchildren."

SELF-EXAMINATION.—By a daily examination of our actions, we shall the easier cure a great sin, and prevent its becoming habitual.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

REMARKABLE OCEANIC ERUPTIONS.—The Bay of Thera or Santorini has long been remarkable for the property its water possesses of cleansing the copper bottoms of vessels, by the sulphuric acid produced by submarine gases. About the 1st of February the waters of this bay began to be violently agitated, with flames issuing from the sea, accompanied by loud explosions. These agitations resulted on the 4th of February, in the appearance of a new island, rising from a depth of 103 fathoms, between Palces and New Kaimeni, and increasing in size till it very nearly joined the latter. The London Times furnishes the following interesting particulars from the report of her Majesty's Ship *Surprise*, which had been sent to Santorini to render assistance to the inhabitants:

As soon as Santorini was sighted by the *Surprise* a dense white mass of vapor was observed rising from the sea, which appeared to be boiling from some unknown cause; and when the island was approached a strange sight was seen—the sea evidently was boiling, and clouds of the whitest steam rushed out, soaring heavenward like an enormous avalanche, and looking like snow. Something black was then seen slowly rising from the sea, which afterward turned out to be no less than an island springing from the deep. It appears that there were no earthquakes, but convulsions of nature caused by volcanic islands having been thrown up from the sea; and as violent eruptions had taken place the inhabitants were greatly alarmed, but at the time the *Surprise* arrived no immediate danger was apprehended. The position of the vessel was a very good one to watch the eruptions from the volcano on the burning island that had lately risen from the deep. The sea for several miles looked very strange, the sulphur giving it a yellowish appearance, and round the new volcanic island the sea was boiling at some one hundred yards distance from shore. The steam rose with great grandeur, the whole island emitting smoke and sulphurous vapors, colored by the flames inside the volcano, in some places being cracked, and through the fissures an immense mass of red-hot lava was visible. The volcano was in a constant state of life, and an eruption took place on the morning of the arrival of the *Surprise*. A black mass of vapor was vomited forth from the volcano, pouring upward; but the fury of the eruption was soon expended, and it suddenly ceased.

The second night after the arrival of the *Surprise* another eruption took place. The roar was very fierce, smoke poured forth from the volcano with terrific fury, and large blocks of rock and stone were hurled into the air, the whole presenting a most imposing sight. During that night it was said that a new island had been thrown up; the one pointed out was about three hundred yards long, and was a black, smoking mass. Close to the anchorage of the *Surprise* there had been a place called "Mineral Creek," which was then no more; a large hill had risen out of it. It made its appearance before the arrival of that vessel, but it

rose higher and higher during her presence there, while the old island was sinking gradually, as if about to return to the depths of the sea from which it had risen. On this sinking island were several houses, many of which were gone altogether, and others were being washed by the sea. Of one house there was little more than the roof and the chimney pot above the water, while a building sank and rose again. It was remarkable that rocks were constantly appearing above the sea and then disappearing; and hence the position taken up by the *Surprise* was not very pleasant. On the second night a slight concussion was felt two or three times on board, and, as islands had been springing up in the immediate neighborhood, it appeared likely one would come up under the ship's bottom. At the time the wind and sea were heavy, and the vessel drifted rapidly in the direction of the volcano, round which the sea was boiling, and a world of steam, vapor, and smoke arising. The *Surprise* immediately got up steam. A large number of houses were buried in the lava and by the new hill that arose from Mineral Creek; but, fortunately, no lives were lost, as timely warning had been given and the inhabitants had escaped. The damage done to property was not so great as might have been expected.

ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.—According to Sir Charles Lyell, in his admirable work on the Antiquity of Man, Ireland was at one time, and probably since the existence of man on the earth, united to England, and England to the continent of Europe, so that, at the time of the bone caves of Belgium men walked across where the Straits of Dover now are. The process was a simple one by which the change was brought about. If the north-western part of Europe were elevated but six hundred feet, the whole of the British Islands, the British and St. George's channels, would at once be included in and annexed to the continent. There are clear traces of a period when this was the case—once before we find proof of man's existence, and once since.

Even the first of these periods may not have been above two or three thousand centuries ago. The country was probably a little—a very little—warmer than at present; we have relics of the forests that then existed, their roots still upright in the ground. Elephants, horses, deer, cattle, and swine, all of extinct species, lived and died. By degrees, very slowly, through long ages, the thermometer sank, the shellfish, and even the trees and plants of Iceland grew; down sank the thermometer still lower, and all Europe was wrapped in polar ice. Wales sank down 1,400 feet, and Ireland 2,500 feet. Only a few parts of England and Ireland remained above the seas. Then after other ages, the thermometer rose, the ice melted, the glaciers disappeared, and the Emerald Isle, not as an island, but a part of the European Continent, rose, bright, lovely, and warm, out of the sea.

Even at that remote period it would seem that England kept all the chief advantages to herself, as fewer

elephants and horses, and even reptiles, which crawled over from France and Belgium, traveled so far as Ireland, and we are not sure of any decisive proofs of man there in that period. It seems the elevation between England and Ireland did not continue long enough. The Irish Sea and St. George's Channel sank down, before all the men and other mammals that had set out from France and Belgium had arrived, and they stopped in England. And after a while the British Channel gave way, and the Straits of Dover sank down and the sea flowed in, and thus were formed the present British Islands.

A CONTINENT COVERED WITH ICE.—Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Prof. Hitchcock and other very eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments just below the level on which the glacier marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head alone above the desolated waste of ice and snow.

In this, then, the thickness of ice can not have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kinds of evidence in other parts of the country, for, when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plow, and, when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surfaces of the rocks were ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

COMPENSATION FOR AMERICAN WORKS.—Washington Irving realized a handsome fortune from his writings, as did also Mitchell, the geographer. Professor Davies received more than \$50,000, and Professor Anthon more than \$60,000. The French series of Mr. Bolmar yields him upward of \$20,000, and the school geography of Mr. Morse more than \$20,000. A single medical book has procured its authors \$60,000. The first two works of Miss Warner brought her about \$20,000. Mr. Headley has received about \$40,000, and Ike Marvel's—Mitchell—about \$20,000. Miss Leslie's cookery and receipt books have paid her \$12,000, and the Rev. Albert Barnes has realized more than \$30,000 by his publications. Mr. Prescott, the historian, received more than \$100,000 from his books. The present sale of each of Mr. Bancroft's volumes yields him more than \$15,000, and he has thirty-one years for future sale. Judge Story died in the receipt of more than \$8,000 per annum for his works. In three years

Daniel Webster's works paid \$25,000. Kent's Commentaries have yielded, to the author and his heirs, \$180,000.

BOOKS IN OLDEN TIMES.—Before the art of printing, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome to beg one copy of Cicero's works and another of Quintilian's, because a complete copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert Abot, of Gemblours, with incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494 the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and, on borrowing a Bible from the Convent of Swithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, to return it uninjured. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such importance that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previously to the year 1300 the library of the University of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, the Royal Library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works.

IRISH WRITERS.—The following bits of gossip concerning popular novel-writers appear in an Irish journal: "It is a curious circumstance that at this time nearly all the serial stories in the leading magazines are written by Irish authors, or by authors of Irish extraction. Thus, that of the Cornhill, 'Armada,' is by Mr. Wilkie Collins, whose father, the painter, was an Irishman; that of Blackwood, 'Sir Brooke Fosbroke,' is by Mr. Lever; that in Macmillan is by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the daughter of 'Tom Sheridan'; that in All the Year Round, 'The Second Mrs. Tillotson,' is by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; that in the Dublin University, by Mr. J. Le Fanu; that in Once a Week, by Mrs. Stafford, author of 'George Geith'; that in the Shilling Magazine, by the same; that of Temple Bar, by Mr. Wills—Irish also—and by Miss Braddon, who, it is rumored, is of Irish extraction."

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—Chail Bey, the Turkish Ambassador, has presented to the Emperor of Russia, for the Museum of the Ermitage, a magnificent collection of antiquities discovered in excavations in Egypt, and, among others, fifteen figures in bronze, inlaid with gold and silver, a statue of an Osiris in a standing posture and another in a sitting one; also, a cat consecrated to Osiris, and several statuettes of kings, of which three belong to the period of the Ethiopian Pharaohs. There are also some remarkable pieces of the Ptolemean period, and among them a bust of Serapis, and a bust of a queen with the attributes of Isis.

POMPEII.—The excavations now making at Pompeii have brought to light several vestiges of the ancient Christians. In the palace of the Edile Pansa, in the Via Fortuna, an unfinished sculptured cross has been found in one of the wells, as well as a number of abusive inscriptions and caricatures ridiculing a crucified God.

Century Record.

METHODISM IN HER CENTENARY YEAR—METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—In 1766 Philip Embury formed the first Methodist society in America; his first congregation consisted of four persons besides himself. In the year 1773, at Philadelphia, was held the first Annual Conference, with ten traveling preachers, who reported 1,160 members of society. In 1784 was held the first General Conference at which was organized the "Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America." We are now called upon to celebrate the Centennial in this one hundredth year of American Methodism. To aid in inspiring our thank-offerings we present some well-authenticated facts respecting the results of the first century of our ecclesiastical life.

Conferences.	Traveling Preachers.	Local Preachers.	Members.	Probabls.	Total.
Baltimore	93	93	12,037	1,693	13,730
Black River.....	197	162	19,953	1,941	21,894
California.....	101	100	3,912	638	4,450
Central German.....	72	92	7,977	983	8,960
Central Illinois.....	150	247	16,652	1,465	18,117
Central Ohio.....	110	156	15,322	1,536	16,858
Cincinnati.....	156	209	25,105	2,115	27,220
Colorado.....	14	8	214	15	229
Delaware.....	34	94	6,504	328	6,832
Des Moines.....	74	144	8,422	1,311	9,733
Detroit.....	102	172	14,559	1,579	16,138
East Baltimore.....	230	155	29,246	4,296	33,542
East Genesee.....	186	151	19,492	1,615	21,107
East Maine.....	90	79	8,715	1,907	10,622
Erie.....	234	278	25,523	2,284	27,807
Genesee.....	117	78	7,366	638	8,004
German Mission.....	41	27	3,465	1,151	4,616
Holston.....	48	55	5,412	695	6,107
Illinois.....	169	371	26,029	2,945	28,974
Indiana.....	115	217	21,938	2,760	24,698
India Mission.....	26	9	117	92	209
Iowa.....	94	192	14,591	1,415	16,006
Kansas.....	66	112	4,005	1,327	5,332
Kentucky.....	31	27	2,489	411	2,900
Liberia Mission.....	24	42	1,350	102	1,452
Maine.....	123	83	10,303	1,710	12,013
Michigan.....	136	190	12,748	1,739	14,487
Minnesota.....	81	108	5,996	1,033	7,029
Missouri and Arkansas.....	74	143	7,161	1,464	8,625
Nebraska.....	21	16	1,300	320	1,629
Nevada.....	14
Newark.....	138	93	20,686	2,513	23,199
New England.....	194	101	17,895	2,081	19,976
New Hampshire.....	124	93	10,577	2,550	13,127
New Jersey.....	152	156	22,493	3,623	26,116
New York.....	285	202	32,807	4,422	37,229
New York East.....	196	200	28,218	3,404	31,622
North Indiana.....	126	268	20,269	5,023	25,292
North Ohio.....	113	131	13,282	862	14,144
N. W. German.....	75	49	4,636	1,047	5,683
N. W. Indiana.....	119	161	15,562	1,376	16,938
N. W. Wisconsin.....	38	41	2,230	445	2,705
Ohio.....	173	742	27,034	2,069	29,103
Oncida.....	180	128	16,884	1,914	18,798
Oregon.....	60	66	2,592	436	3,028
Philadelphia.....	255	352	45,970	6,179	52,149
Pittsburg.....	226	225	35,222	5,362	40,584
Providence.....	128	87	14,353	1,573	15,926
Rock River.....	108	212	16,910	1,590	18,500
S. E. Indiana.....	89	133	15,370	1,037	16,407
Southern Illinois.....	110	338	17,311	3,167	20,478
S. W. German.....	77	101	6,624	778	7,402
Troy.....	198	125	22,381	2,053	24,434
Upper Iowa.....	122	172	12,010	1,466	13,476
Vermont.....	135	89	11,777	1,454	13,231
Washington.....	21	43	7,877	317	8,194
Western Virginia.....	86	155	12,523	2,486	15,009
Wisconsin.....	130	156	10,186	1,496	11,682
West Wisconsin.....	77	114	6,177	743	6,920
Wyoming.....	110	136	13,265	2,068	15,333
Total.....	6,915	8,682	820,094	104,952	925,046

BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—

Conferences.	Misa. Soc.	S. S. Union.	Tract Soc'y.
Baltimore.....	\$18,348 77	\$31 00	\$5 00
Black River.....	8,869 30	461 56	441 38
California.....	2,388 75	142 30	51 00
Cent. German.....	8,209 80	228 44	392 31
Cent. Illinois.....	9,160 72	340 81	266 75
Central Ohio.....	12,797 01	221 47	335 82
Cincinnati.....	24,762 53	575 97	289 00
Colorado.....	1,000 00	43 75	45 20
Delaware, col.....	435 95	3 31
Des Moines.....	3,205 20	46 25	53 60
Detroit.....	9,083 51	171 21	148 33
East Baltimore.....	22,937 72	549 57	523 23
East Genesee.....	9,938 77	306 52	200 93
East Maine.....	2,132 23	219 84	164 44
Erie.....	24,491 47	803 70	878 35
Genesee.....	4,880 78	329 87	111 01
German Mission.....	1,167 04	490 26	379 02
Holston.....	86 00
Illinois.....	19,921 30	461 30	870 15
Indiana.....	10,592 70	229 30	255 50
India Mission.....
Iowa.....	6,112 03	98 80	109 78
Kansas.....	2,441 50	69 50	65 65
Kentucky.....	779 70	3 60	2 75
Liberia Mission.....
Maine.....	4,498 74	229 22	371 90
Michigan.....	7,376 64	260 27	72 58
Minnesota.....	2,855 56	173 85	73 08
Missouri and Arkansas.....	1,590 25	33 00	7 35
Nebraska.....	731 05	12 90	6 35
Nevada.....
Newark.....	16,729 50	814 03	826 48
New England.....	18,616 80	387 99	574 84
New Hampshire.....	5,300 54	272 35	235 20
New Jersey.....	17,075 62	679 57	687 76
New York.....	25,813 82	1,172 91	1,272 49
New York East.....	34,911 93	855 02	150 49
North Indiana.....	13,528 46	225 92	232 62
North Ohio.....	11,607 64	284 17	267 53
North-West German.....	4,498 85	141 87	169 80
North-West Indiana.....	8,269 72	242 98	174 69
North-West Wisconsin.....	785 40	77 57	21 40
Ohio.....	21,814 92	537 76	1,407 65
Oncida.....	10,203 27	352 88	325 13
Oregon.....	1,526 10	172 30	76 38
Philadelphia.....	57,503 44	1,371 81	4,426 51
Pittsburg.....	39,472 90	1,262 53	463 60
Providence.....	12,725 18	479 12	344 76
Rock River.....	12,978 94	786 90	537 65
South-Eastern Indiana.....	8,789 68	161 25	595 31
Southern Illinois.....	6,852 29	298 22	253 50
South-Western German.....	4,900 85	177 57	336 20
Troy.....	12,243 62	628 65	1,190 66
Upper Iowa.....	6,959 56	339 12	370 73
Vermont.....	7,109 52	273 90	356 80
Washington.....	43 25
Western Virginia.....	3,438 08	47 55	35 60
Wisconsin.....	7,078 83	272 75	1,179 75
West Wisconsin.....	2,883 95	86 45	64 75
Wyoming.....	6,435 29	283 16	316 73
Total.....	\$600,840 97	\$19,206 56	\$22,508 78

THE BOOK CONCERN.—The Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church has two chief centers of operation, one in New York and one in Cincinnati, with a capital of \$838,000; five hundred publishing agents, editors, clerks, and operatives; with about thirty cylinder and power presses in constant operation; it issues about two thousand different books, and publishes sixteen official periodicals. It has depositories at Boston, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, and at Portland, Oregon. It does an annual business of more than a million dollars, and has given away from its profits for various Church interests, in a period of only thirty years, \$1,047,690.

The following is a list of its official periodicals:

Methodist Quarterly Review.—Published quarterly. Each number contains about 160 pp. large 8vo. Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D., Editor.

Ladies' Repository.—A general literary and religious magazine for the family. Published monthly. Each number contains 64 superroyal 8vo pages. Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D., Editor.

North Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at New York. Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.

Pittsburg Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Pittsburg. Rev. S. H. Nesbit, Editor.

Northern Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Auburn, New York. Rev. D. D. Lore, D. D., Editor.

Western Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Cincinnati. Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.

North-Western Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Chicago. Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.

Central Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at St. Louis. Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D., Editor.

California Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at San Francisco. Rev. E. Thomas, D. D., Editor.

Pacific Christian Advocate.—Published weekly at Portland, Oregon. Rev. H. C. Benson, D. D., Editor.

Sunday School Teachers' Journal.—Published monthly at New York. Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., Editor.

Sunday School Advocate.—Published bi-monthly. Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., Editor.

Good News.—Published monthly. Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., Editor.

Missionary Advocate.—Published monthly. Edited by the Missionary Secretaries.

The Christian Apologist, (German).—Published weekly. Rev. William Nast, D. D., Editor.

The Sunday School Bell, (German).—Published semi-monthly. Rev. William Nast, D. D., Editor.

CENSUS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BY STATES, FROM THE MINUTES OF 1864.—

States and Territories.	Members and Probationers.	Preachers.	Churches.
Arkansas.....	249	1
California.....	4,179	77	82
Colorado Territory.....	287	6	1
Connecticut.....	18,150	117	171
Delaware.....	12,289	22	119
District of Columbia.....	3,534	14	16
Illinois.....	87,961	548	896
Indiana.....	86,399	429	1,160
Iowa.....	37,599	266	271
Kansas.....	5,462	57	34
Kentucky.....	2,677	23	38
Maine.....	22,978	170	198
Maryland.....	45,987	168	514
Massachusetts.....	30,185	230	225
Michigan.....	31,434	273	260
Minnesota.....	7,681	80	70
Missouri.....	9,259	63	79
Nebraska.....	1,829	27	12
Nevada Territory.....	271	13	4
New Hampshire.....	10,251	87	50
New Jersey.....	45,307	237	380
New York.....	159,342	1,101	1,598
Ohio.....	121,376	592	1,858
Oregon.....	2,629	30	30
Pennsylvania.....	104,765	619	1,148
Rhode Island.....	3,225	20	20
Vermont.....	14,444	135	170
Virginia.....	868	7	14
Washington Territory.....	278	9	4
West Virginia.....	15,063	74	223
Wisconsin.....	13,161	239	234
Total.....	908,880	5,743	9,922

CHURCH PROPERTY BY STATES.—

States and Territories.	Church Property, 1864.		
	Churches.	Parson'ses.	Prob. Value.
NEW ENGLAND STATES—			
Maine.....	1062	92	\$522,637
New Hampshire.....	90	46	268,050
Vermont.....	206	112	497,325
Massachusetts.....	213	67	1,609,250
Rhode Island.....	18	8	194,900
Connecticut.....	157	56	663,100
EASTERN MIDDLE STATES—			
New York.....	1,630	633	6,067,833
New Jersey.....	406	111	1,601,675
Pennsylvania.....	1,341	290	2,143,440
Delaware.....	158	11	298,625
Maryland.....	372	44	817,520
Virginia.....	15	2	35,800
District of Columbia.....	18	5	161,700
WESTERN MIDDLE STATES—			
Ohio.....	1,784	328	3,116,178
Indiana.....	1,156	262	2,119,365
Michigan.....	260	160	793,500
Kentucky.....	42	9	72,320
West Virginia.....	227	27	196,675
Illinois.....	906	314	2,162,635
THE NORTH-WEST—			
Iowa.....	270	162	537,525
Wisconsin.....	225	135	462,475
Minnesota.....	73	43	94,900
THE WEST—			
Missouri.....	68	22	193,285
Arkansas.....
Nebraska.....	11	8	19,400
Kansas.....	34	6	52,340
Colorado Territory.....	1	16,000
THE PACIFIC COAST—			
California.....	82	57	341,067
Oregon.....	30	18	66,650
Nevada.....	4	4	60,700
Washington Territory.....	4	10,100
Total.....	10,008	2,902	\$25,218,990
Church Property in 1860.....	\$26,614,083

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.—

FOREIGN MISSIONS.		
Foreign Missions in 1864.	Members in 1864.	
Liberia.....	22	1,493
South America.....	12	125
China.....	39	182
Germany.....	54	4,647
India.....	49	239
Bulgaria.....	3
Scandinavia.....	23	792
Total.....	202	7,478

AMERICAN DOMESTIC MISSIONS.			
Conferences.	Missions.	Conferences.	Missions.
Baltimore.....	9	New England.....	62
Black River.....	15	New Hampshire.....	37
California.....	24	New Jersey.....	23
Central Illinois.....	9	New York.....	30
Central Ohio.....	10	New York East.....	29
Cincinnati.....	4	North Indiana.....	5
Colorado.....	12	North Ohio.....	7
Delaware.....	12	North-West Indiana.....	4
Des Moines.....	34	North-West Wisconsin.....	36
Detroit.....	25	Ohio.....	2
East Baltimore.....	23	Oneida.....	9
East Genesee.....	6	Oregon.....	20
East Maine.....	24	Philadelphia.....	52
Erie.....	10	Pittsburg.....	15
Genesee.....	9	Providence.....	21
Illinois.....	10	Rock River.....	25
Indiana.....	4	South-Eastern Indiana.....	35
Iowa.....	3	Southern Illinois.....	11
Kansas.....	50	Troy.....	24
Kentucky.....	41	Upper Iowa.....	22
Maine.....	26	Vermont.....	36
Michigan.....	23	Washington.....	35
Minnesota.....	35	West Virginia.....	27
Missouri and Arkansas.....	57	West Wisconsin.....	35
Nebraska.....	20	Wisconsin.....	33
Nevada.....	14	Wyoming.....	16
Newark.....	32

From this table it appears that there are *eleven hundred and twenty-four AMERICAN DOMESTIC MISSIONS* fostered by our Society, and enjoying the labors of at least an equal number of missionaries, who re-

ceive their pecuniary support in part or in whole from the missionary funds of the Church.

MISSIONS AMONG FOREIGN POPULATIONS, 1866.

	Missionaries.	Members.
German.....	266.....	20,167
Indian.....	10.....	1,039
Scandinavian.....	23.....	2,166
Welsh.....	4.....	182
Total.....	303.....	23,554

SUNDAY SCHOOL STATISTICS.

Schools.....	13,365
Scholars.....	514,587
Officers and Teachers.....	153,039
Volumes in Library.....	2,542,087
Bible Classes.....	16,987
Infant Scholars.....	136,337
Expenses.....	\$285,830
Advocates Taken.....	230,386
Conversions.....	25,122

TRACT SOCIETY STATISTICS.

Receipts.....	\$13,566
Disbursements.....	\$13,606
Monthly Issue of Good News.....	74,600
Number of Tracts on Catalogue.....	578
Pages of Tracts Printed per Year.....	10,000,000
Pages of Tracts in Good News.....	26,820,000

SUMMARY OF METHODISM IN 1866.—After a very considerable amount of effort in obtaining information, we have compiled the following table, which we presume is as near an approximation as can be made to the number of Methodists throughout the world:

Designation.	Preachers.	Members.
AMERICAN METHODISM—		
Methodist Episcopal Church.....	6,993	925,285
Methodist Episcopal Church South.....	2,494	708,949
Canada Methodist Episcopal Church.....	216	19,526
African Methodist Episcopal Church.....	500	75,000
Evangelical Association.....	405	51,502
Primitive Methodists, Canada.....	58	5,854
New Connection Methodists, Canada.....	79	8,028
Canada Wesleyan Conference.....	591	56,395
Eastern British America Conference.....	148	15,029
American Wesleyan Church.....	232	21,000
Methodist Protestant Church.....	558	90,000
Total in America.....	12,274	1,976,568
FOREIGN METHODISM—		
British Wesleyan Conference.....	1,492	349,918
Irish Wesleyan Conference.....	168	20,031
French Conference.....	26	1,826
Australia Conference.....	365	42,042
Foreign Missions.....	62,545
Primitive Methodists, England.....	868	149,106
United Methodist Free Churches, England.....	269	71,689
New Connection Methodists, England.....	149	24,289
Bible Christians, England.....	227	25,832
Wesleyan Reform Union, England.....	78	10,683
Grand Total.....	15,916	2,734,529

Thus, while Methodism beyond the Atlantic has been widening its way across the continent, reaching by its wonderful missionary agency the eastern confines of Asia, planting its standards on the islands of the Pacific, and originating a large and prosperous Conference in Australia, Embury's little congregation of five persons in 1766 has multiplied to thousands of societies, extending from the northernmost settlements of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Nova Scotia to California. The five persons have grown into nearly 2,000,000; the first small Conference of 1773, with its ten preachers, has become nearly one hundred Conferences, with more than 12,000 regular ministers. The Church, whose first place of worship was the sail-loft, is the owner of property in churches, parsonages, colleges, and seminaries to the amount of 30,000,000! To the God of all truth and grace be glory and praise through

Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord, for all his wonderful work!

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—In connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church we have 22 universities and colleges, with 144 instructors and 3,009 male and 1,217 female students; three theological institutes, with 112 students; 84 seminaries and academies, with 464 instructors, 5,556 male and 8,060 female pupils; giving us a total of 109 institutions, 617 instructors, and 17,954 students.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS UNDER THE CARE OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.—*Theological Institutions:* Southern Branch, Richmond, John Lomas, Theological Tutor; Northern Branch, Didsbury, John Hannah, D. D., Theological Tutor.

Wesleyan Collegiate Institute, Taunton, S. Simmons, Governor and Chaplain.

Wesley College, Sheffield, John H. James, Governor and Chaplain.

Normal Training Institution, Westminster, John Scott, Principal.

New Kingswood School, Francis A. West, Governor and Chaplain.

Woodhouse Grove School, John Farrar, Governor and Chaplain.

CENTENARY PICTORIAL.—Brother Tibbals, of 145 Nassau-street, New York, informs us that the Centenary Committee have authorized the publication of a "Centenary Pictorial, or Pictorial History of Methodism, Dr. Curry, of the Christian Advocate, Editor, assisted by the first men and women of the Church. It will be the same as Harper's Pictorial—only on much finer paper and more beautiful pictures. We intend, says brother Tibbals, to establish an agency in every town in the United States and Canadas. We want to sell one million copies. It will be the most useful, curious, popular, and cheap publication of the Centenary year.

We give a few of its attractions: 1. An article on Camp Meetings. 2. On Itinerancy. 3. On Class Meetings. 4. On our Literary Institutions. 5. On Periodicals and Literature. 6. On Methodism in the East. 7. Methodism in the West. 8. On our Book-Rooms. 9. One Hundred, or a Centenary of Anecdotes illustrating Methodism all along the Century. 10. A Facsimile of the Diary of Mr. Wesley's Mother, written 150 years ago. 11. A Facsimile of a skeleton of a Sermon from Rev. John Fletcher. 12. An article in which the striking traits of one hundred men are presented, making a centenary of men and a centenary of years, as representative men of Methodism, by Dr. Roach, assisted by Bishop Thomson and others. 13. The Noble Women of our Church, by Mrs. Olin; and other articles and incidents of general and local interest.

Pictures.—1. Mr. Wesley and his little class. 2. An itinerant scene. 3. An immense congregation of every nation and costume listening to the Gospel. 4. A happy death-bed scene. 5. Mr. Wesley in the center, surrounded by a cloud of light, all encircled with a beautiful wreath, worked by 100 artists, making a most attractive Centenary picture. 6. The largest picture of a camp meeting in full operation ever made. Both these pictures will make beautiful parlor ornaments, and either of them worth more than the cost of the whole work.

Literary Notices.

PROPHECY VIEWED IN RESPECT TO ITS DISTINCTIVE NATURE, SPECIAL FUNCTION, AND PROPER INTERPRETATION. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D., Principal of the Free Church College, Glasgow; Author of "Typology of Scripture," "Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy," etc. 8vo. Pp. 524. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—A new treatment of the whole subject of prophecy is a necessity growing out of the tendencies of the age. The old method of treatment current as lately as the beginning of the present century, which consisted merely in a not very critical statement of the prophecy itself, and a not very accurate historical application as its fulfillment, will no longer serve as an argument from prophecy for the truth of Scripture, and will no longer meet the wants of the critical spirit of the age. "The claim of the Bible to Divine authority," says the author of the work before us, "on the ground of its predictions has now to be maintained from a more internal position than formerly, since objections are laid by the opponents or corruptors of the truth against the argument from prophecy less on the ground of an alleged weakness in the argument itself, abstractly considered, than by attempting to eliminate the predictive element from Scripture in so far as it can be said to carry with it any argumentative value." To meet this new phase of the question we want not merely instances of the fulfillment of certain prophecies, but the demonstration of prophecy itself—a statement of the essential nature of a prophecy. This we take to be the aim of the work before us. We have not yet had time to study it as we mean to do, but from what examination we have been able to give it, it appears to be an able investigation of principles and of the fulfillment of certain prophecies as illustrative of the principles given in the work. "To meet the special wants of our day," says the editor, "by ascertaining the fundamental principles of prophecy, thence to delineate the structure of the grand whole, and finally to deduce the rules that regulate the special applications, constitute the critical yet conservative object of this work." The author is already very favorably known in this country by the republication of his "Hermeneutical Manual" and his "Scripture Typology," both of which works were excellent preparatory studies for the present one.

LITERARY REMAINS OF REV. DR. FLOY. I. *Occasional Sermons, and Reviews, and Essays.* 12mo. Pp. 460. II. *Old Testament Characters Delineated and Illustrated.* 12mo. Pp. 355. New York: Carlton & Porter.—Dr. Floy was one of the earnest and good men of Methodism, hardly appreciated to the full measure of his worth while living, but destined, we venture to predict, to take a place of just and honorable appreciation in the future. To float on the wave of popularity he lived and died a little too soon. It was his portion to stand in the heat of the battle, giv-

ing and taking blows, misunderstanding and being misunderstood, making some enemies in the sense of strong opponents, and gaining some friends. The battle in which he was engaged has since ended in victory on the side for which he contended, and his successors reap the fruits. He lived long enough, however, to see the coming triumph, and in this, and in the appreciation of his labors by those who came after him is his reward upon the earth. But Dr. Floy was not only strong in his convictions and therefore a warrior for the right, but he possessed an intellect of great vigor and activity, and "became a writer by a kind of necessity." We have long been waiting for the report that should be made with reference to his "literary remains," and now that these goodly volumes have appeared, we are both pleased and disappointed. We are glad to accept what is here, but we had hoped for more, and join with the editor in regrets that "a large portion of his manuscripts were only carefully-prepared outlines." As no hand but his own could properly fill up these outlines, we feel that they had better be allowed to die and be buried with regrets than to be given to the world in broken fragments. The "Occasional Sermons," and "Reviews and Essays," and "Biographical Sketches" are complete, and, we doubt not, will be welcomed by many as all that we can have of the "Literary Remains" of James Floy.

THE EARLY CHOICE: A Book for Daughters. By the late Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 379. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a very handsome book, printed on tinted paper, with crimson edges, neatly bound, and containing five well-executed illustrations. The contents of the book are fully worthy of the fine setting which the publishers have given them. Dr. Tweedie was an admirable writer for youth, and has given to the world several works which were very popular in England and Scotland, and some of which have been republished in this country. Some time ago our publishers issued one of his works—"The Life and Work of Earnest Men"—well calculated to arouse and direct the noblest purposes of young men. The present work is similar in character, and is designed "for daughters," and we heartily wish every daughter of our Christian households could be induced to read it. It treats of the noblest traits that can adorn and elevate the female character, not in dry essays, but in biographical illustrations, in which are given sketches of some of the noblest women that have adorned the sex. There is more interesting and valuable reading in it than in a score of so-called "religious novels."

DIUTURNITY; or, the Comparative Age of the World, Showing that the Human Race is in the Infancy of its Being, and Demonstrating a Reasonable and Rational World and its Immense Future Duration. By Rev. R. Abbey. 12mo. Pp. 360. \$2. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.—The ample title-page and the following statements from the author's "exordium" will sufficiently indicate

the nature of this book: "I hold the doctrine of Millennium, in all the shapes and phases in which I have seen it stated, to be a most dangerous form of infidelity, though I must confess that many who hold it are by no means aware of this. Indeed, many are among the most pious and useful Christians. Indeed, further, most of the *objections* I have seen against it, not being directed against the thing, but some particular phases of it, make concessions in its favor which are utterly subversive to the Christian religion. They tell us that millennium writers do n't know when the millennium will set in; it might happen at any time, and that our business is to let their calculations alone and get ready for it. It may happen at any time. On the contrary, I hold that there is and can be no such thing, neither now nor ever, that if a millennium and a human second coming can happen at all, then the Christian religion is both a falsehood and a failure. And what we are to do, or can do, to get ready for such an event, should such a thing be possible, I can not comprehend, nor have I ever heard any one attempt to explain it. I know of no religious preparation we can make, except to live and die right and assist others to do the same." The book, in many respects, is a remarkable one. The author pursues his own course independently, and, we think, a little too confidently and egotistically.

A TEXT-BOOK ON CHEMISTRY. *For the use of Schools and Colleges.* By Henry Draper, M. D., Professor Adjunct of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of New York. With more than 300 illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 507. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This work embodies the valuable parts of the work issued some twenty years ago by Prof. John W. Draper, the father of the present author, with the addition of more than a hundred pages of new matter and a number of new illustrations, bringing the subject fully up to the present time. The fact that the former work has passed through more than forty editions, is sufficient proof that it is eminently adapted to its object, as a text-book.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER; Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo. By James Greenwood, Author of "Wild Sports of the World," etc. 8vo. Pp. 344. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is a book of marvelous adventures, somewhat after the order of Robinson Crusoe, but vastly below it in naturalness of conception and simplicity of style. It is the story of an imaginary captivity among the savages of Borneo, interesting enough to be eagerly read by the young folks, free from some of the blemishes which sometimes characterize books of this kind, and containing some crumbs of useful information in the geography, botany, and zoology of those islands, and concerning the habits and customs of their savage occupants. Young readers will find the whole dish very palatable. It is copiously illustrated.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. M. P. 12mo. Pp. 182. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Bulwer has successfully achieved a most difficult undertaking. The famous Tales of Miletus are lost forever; their popularity and merit are attested by

both Greeks and Romans, among whom they enjoyed great popularity in times when their imaginative literature was at its highest point of cultivation. Even the means to form a reasonable conjecture of the materials which entered into these Tales are very limited, and an opinion must chiefly be formed from other similar attempts at story-telling. The author of this most readable book does not pretend to give us the recovered Tales; but, out of certain scattered indications of the character and genius of the lost Milesian Fables, and from the remnants of myth and tale once in popular favor, he has endeavored to weave together a few stories that may serve as specimens of the various kinds of subject in which these ancestral tale-tellers may have exercised their faculties of invention. The experiment required scholarship, industry, and taste for its execution, and the admirable result proves that Bulwer possesses all these qualities. The stories that he offers are exquisitely beautiful, fresh, and original, and the style is a model of classic dignity and grace. We have been delighted in the reading of this book, and are confident that Bulwer has here made an addition to the world's literature that will be of permanent interest.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By L. Agassiz. 12mo. Pp. 311. \$2.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The articles collected in this volume have already appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. Those who read them there will be glad to have them in this more permanent form, and those who have not read them will welcome these new contributions to the geology of our American Continent—for the most of the facts and theories given are in reference to this New, no, this Old World—for the author pronounces America "the first-born among the continents." It is really refreshing to learn that we are old in something, and really have an antiquity to be proud of. "Hers," says the author, speaking of America, "was the first dry land lifted out of the waters; hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth besides; and, while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the far West." It is needless to commend any thing coming from the pen of Professor Agassiz, and we are sure these lectures, for such indeed they are, being rather familiar talks on scientific subjects than scientific papers, will commend themselves by the interest of the subjects they present and the popularity of the style in which they are given.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Annie H. M. Brewster. 12mo. Pp. 442. \$2.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—St. Martin's Summer is that beautiful Autumn season which we more commonly designate Indian Summer, and, from its supposed resemblance of the calm and pleasant period, the rest from great trials, rare and short, but precious, during which this book was written, the author has given her work this name. It is a very readable book, easy, graceful, and natural in style, and full of interesting gossip of a journey in Southern Europe, making a very pleasant mixture of travel and sight-seeing, truth and fiction, human love and human sorrow. It will make pleasant reading for the recreations of the approaching Summer.

LUCY ARLYN. *By J. S. Trowbridge, Author of "Cudjo's Cave," etc.* 12mo. Pp. 564. \$2.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We can not as freely commend this book for light and easy reading as we have done the preceding. Mr. Trowbridge is an admirable writer, and always produces an interesting book or article, but he does not know enough of genuine religion to write a book in which religious experience, sacred things, and authoritative truth are largely involved. He undoubtedly means well, and writes fully up to the measure of his apprehension of sacred things, but, in spite of his good aims, there are many sentiments in the book false and offensive, that can only be resented by all who believe in a real divine life and inspiration in religion.

SNOW-BOUND. *A Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.25.—This is poetry, pure as the drifting snow of which it speaks, falling as gently on the heart as the snow-flakes; gliding as smoothly as the yet unfrozen stream glides between its snowy banks, and addressing itself to our nature as genially as the beautiful and domestic loves of which it sings. Do you remember this scene in the long ago?

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent."

The following lines beautifully lay to rest an elder sister:

"O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!"

And thus the beautiful vision of a younger sister:

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise,
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?"

ASPHODEL. 12mo. Pp. 224. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—An anonymously-written story; but whoever wrote it knows how to conceive a beautiful and pure story, and how to write it in a most chaste and elegant style. It is a beautiful book, both in mechanical execution and in the matter and style of its contents; but it is entirely imaginative, and we suppose represents no possible phase of our real human life here below; at least we are glad that we have been permitted to see but little

of such ideal and poetic forms of life, but have found existence here to be something real, solid, earnest, and common-sense in its joys and sorrows, labors and hopes.

CHERRY AND VIOLET; *A Tale of the Great Plague.* *By the Author of "Mary Powell."* 16mo. Pp. 239. \$1.75. New York: M. W. Dodd.—Those who have read that charming book, "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," will need no better recommendation for the present volume by the same author, and in reading it they will not be disappointed. We are pleased to learn from the publisher, Mr. Dodd, that other works by the author of this volume, among which may be named "Household of Sir Thomas More," "Colloquies of Edward Osborn," etc., will follow at short intervals; and that "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" will be next in order.

BALLADS AND TRANSLATIONS. *By Constantina E. Brooks.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. \$1.—The lady author of these poems mounts a strong Pegasus, and what is more, holds and guides him with a strong and steady hand. The Ballads are fresh and original, and given in smooth, strong, and expressive poetry. The translations evince considerable learning, and no little power of classic versification.

HONOR MAY. 12mo. Pp. 404. \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. This is also an anonymous book, and is a very pleasing story of a waif of the ocean, cast upon our coast during a storm, and received into the home of a very excellent, intelligent, and happy family. Honor, possessing great musical talent, devotes her life to her high art. The book is full of excellent thoughts on music, and it needs an appreciation of this art to fully enter into the spirit of the book. A pure and interesting story serves as the frame-work on which to hang the criticisms on music.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART. *By Ada Clare.* 12mo. Pp. 336. \$1.75. New York: M. Doolady. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Society owes much to itself. There are certain proprieties of life which even its master passion dares not to violate, and the passionate energies of the Orient little fit the quieter nature, but none the less loving, of our countrymen. A woman's heart, though full of mystery, is at the same time full of transparency; but none, whose love is deep and pervading, with whom it is the grand spring of hopes and fancies, of doubts and agony, ever cares to hold it up for the close inspection of the object beloved. If we have learned any thing of a woman's heart, none such as here described does or can exist. Perhaps, in some impossible world, among impossible characters, under impossible circumstances, we might look to find it. At any rate, we have never met it, and hope never to do so.

THE DOVE'S NEST, AND BENNY AVERET. *By E. L. Llewellyn, Author of "Piety and Pride," etc.* 16mo. Pp. 90. 65 cts. Philadelphia: Ashmead & Evans. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A very pretty little book, neatly illustrated, and containing two very nice stories for the little folks.

THE GREAT WEST: Railroad, Steamboat, and Guide and Hand-book, for Travelers, Miners, and Emigrants to the Western, North-Western, and Pacific States and Territories. By Edward H. Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The title well explains the nature of this book, and we would esteem it an indispensable book for the westward emigrant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Sunday School Teachers' Institute. By J. H. Vincent. With an Introduction, by John S. Hart, LL. D. Paper. Pp. 36.—Both these names are well-known in all Sunday school circles, and any thing they present to the public is worthy of attention.

Maxwell Drewitt. By F. G. Trafford. No. 266 of *Harpers' Library of Select Novels*. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co. Paper. 50 cts.

The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the Author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," etc. No. 269, *Harpers' Library of Select Novels*. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. 50 cts.

Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs. Oliphant. No. 268, *Harpers' Library of Select Novels*. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Paper. 75 cts.

Harpers' Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. No. 16.—Continuation and conclusion of the Peninsular campaign. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. 30 cts.

The Edinburgh Review. No. CCLI. January, 1866. **The North British Review.** March, 1866. **Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.** April, 1866. The above are the American editions, published by Leonard Scott & Co., 38 Walker-street, New York.

Methodism in England and America. A Centenary Tract. By Gabriel P. Disney. Tract Society Publication. Contains a large amount of valuable facts.

Editor's Table.

COFFEE CRUSHED VS. COFFEE GROUND.—From one of our contributors we have received the following note, and as we know of no other place where we can use it, we have concluded to give it to our readers here. We are satisfied, whatever may be the rationale of the fact, that the crushing of coffee rather than the grinding is an improvement, and if any one can add to the flavor of this delicious beverage, we vote him a benefactor of the race:

Although none of us desire to see the Repository degenerate into a receipt-book, I think there are many who will feel grateful to the "Journal of a Housekeeper" for its excellent recipe for making good coffee. When next Dame "Elliston's" husband laughs at her preference for pounded coffee as a mere whim, she may quote to him the following from the *Annual of Scientific Discovery* for 1864:

"It is not generally known that coffee which has been beaten is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact, and in his brief article on the subject, Savarin gives what he considers the reasons for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma, and an oil which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers, that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used these pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill, the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted the coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill." In explanation he tells the following anecdote:

"Monsieur," said Napoleon to La Place, "how comes it that a glass of water into which I put a lump of loaf sugar, tastes more pleasantly than if I had put in the same quantity of crushed sugar?"

"Sire," said the philosophical senator, "there are three substances the constituents of which are identical—sugar, gum, and starch; they differ only in certain conditions, the secret of which nature has preserved. I think it possible

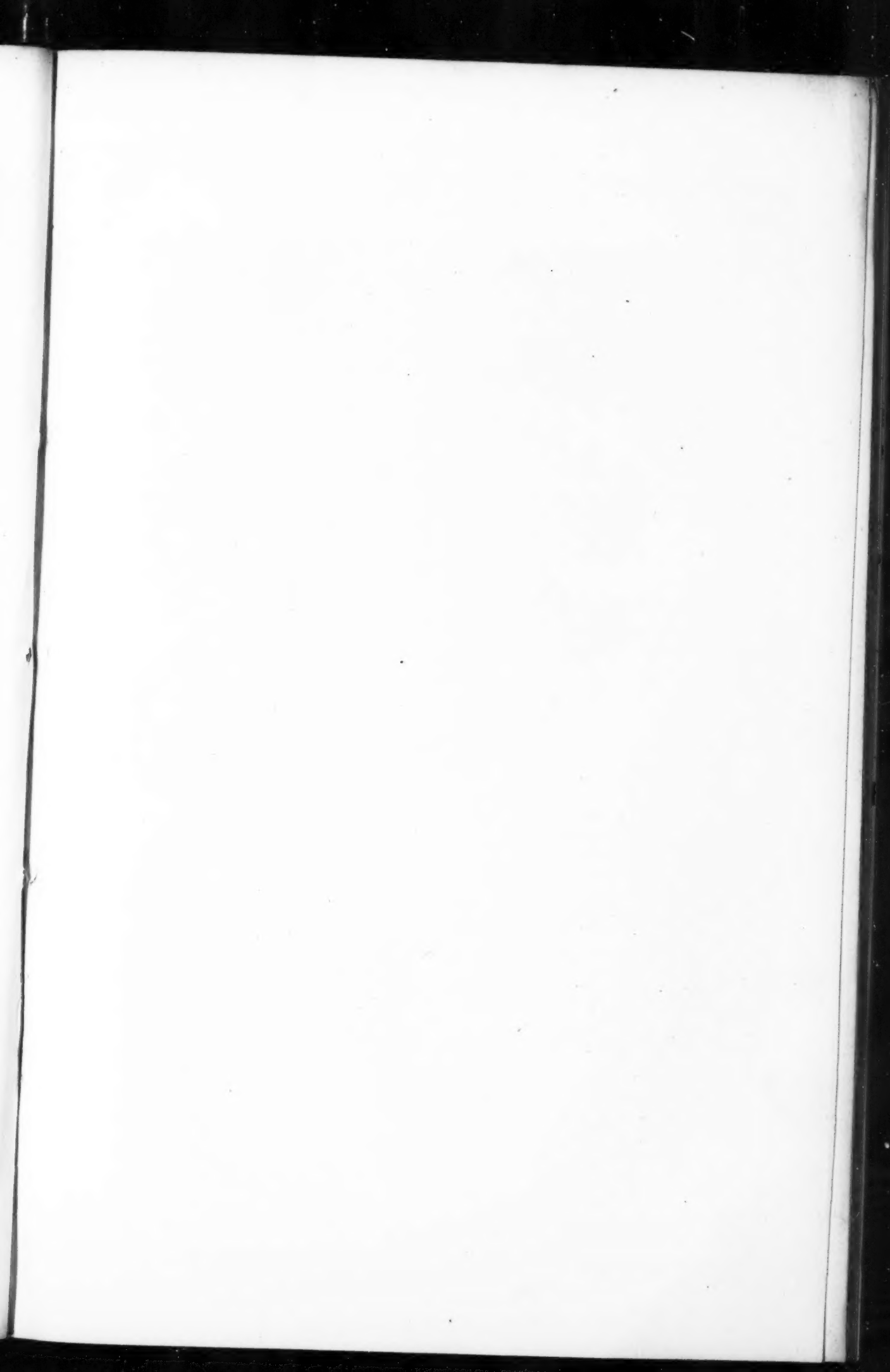
that in the effort produced by the pestle, some saccharine particles become either gum or amidon, and cause the difference."

L. A. O.

THE ENGRAVINGS.—We present our readers for this month a beautiful Swiss scene, among the mountains of the Canton of Berne. "Interlaken"—between the lakes—receives its name from its position between the two charming mountain lakes, Thun and Brienz, near the former of which lies the scene of our engraving. The beautiful lake lies embosomed among the Bernese Alps, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, a crystal bed of water about seven hundred feet in depth. Through it flows the Aar, the most considerable river of Switzerland after the Rhone and Rhine, and which becomes navigable on emerging from this lake. Its course furnishes some of the most beautiful views in that land of beauty. Rising among the glaciers of the Schreckhorn and Grimsel Mountains, near the source of the Rhone, it dashes along with great fury, and is precipitated over several waterfalls, till, after passing through the lakes of Brienz and Thun, it becomes a calm river, flowing through one of the most charming valleys of Switzerland. In this valley lies "Interlaken." Our Western readers will be pleased to see the manly face of Dr. Marlay, and our Eastern readers will, we doubt not, welcome the acquaintance of one of our fathers of the West.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.—We place the following on file for use: Antwerp Laborer; Paul on Mars' Hill; Symmetry of Christian Character; Kalampin; Roger Williams; The Physician's Dog; Life's Reveille; Loose Leaves; Greatness in Small Things; Melpomene; One by One; A Reply; Mother, Home, etc.; Desolate; Father, I'm Tired; and Live Near the Cross.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Pioneer Sketches; Jennie's Mission; Truth; Letters to Rosa; What a Human Skull said to Me; Beauty; The Olive-Tree; The Mustard Plant; At Rest: Where is Katie? Memory Bells; Our Huckleberry Excursion; Heart-Yearnings.





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